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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George made an optimistic, one might almost say a millennial, speech on his Insurance Bill a week since. Apparently everybody was going to get everything for nothing; illness would become almost a blessing, it would so soon and so pleasantly be cured by Mr. Lloyd George's care. None the less, a mood of contrition—at any rate, a great sobering down—has rapidly followed. Now Mr. Lloyd George is for making concessions and amending his heaven-sent Bill. He is all for meeting the Friendly Societies. He gives away something as to sick payment, he will approve the small societies, the societies shall keep their control over the doctors, which will not make the doctors more friendly. Mr. Lloyd George thinks the societies have been squared. At the Albert Hall yesterday they hardly seemed to agree. But politically Mr. George is not for concession. He is for fighting the Bill through as a purely party measure. It is to be guillotined through the House—a Bill which would need the whole time of an entire session to be effectively discussed.

"What a fine thing it is to get the doctor you want and get somebody else to pay for him", cried Mr. George. Here we have the demagogue pure: the naked appeal to greed. This would put off any self-respecting workman, who would object to charity doctoring. It is unjust even to his own Bill; for by his contribution the workman may fairly claim to pay for himself. But Mr. George thinks greed a stronger appeal than self-respect.

However, one observation of his is well-timed. "The very sight of some doctors makes you ill. . . . the mere sight of some men will make you feel better the moment they come into the room." It is quite true; there is almost as much in the man as in his medicines.

The Liberal press is trying to pluck up heart over the report which last week announced the failure of the "People's Budget". It has discovered that after all, at the present rate of getting in the land valuations, Mr. Lloyd George's Doomsday will not take so much as "thirty years". So then there is not to be a new Thirty Years' Religious War against the landowning classes! That is some grain of comfort. But we notice there is one feature of the Commissioners' report which the Liberal newspapers studiously shun—the total failure to do anything with Form Four in Ireland. Form Four simply does not exist and never has existed in Ireland. The King's writ may run more or less in Ireland, but Form Four never. Not only Ulster—in-subordinate Ulster—but Munster, Leinster and Connaught will have nothing to say to it. They have set up a sort of unprovisional government against it.

It is wonderful what high office does for a man. Lord Hartington and Lord Rosebery and that "poor but honest class the Dukes" can afford to do without it, but scarcely so the politician who has been forced to make his own way. It has set up Mr. Birrell, and made a once anxious literary man most comfortable and optimistic. All is best with Mr. Birrell in the best of all possible Liberal worlds. This was quite the easy, comforting tone of his speech on Home Rule at Ilfracombe. Money difficulty? Bless you, there is no money difficulty about Home Rule. All you have to do is to pay up nobly and generously, and the result will be splendid. Religious difficulty? Bless you, there is no religious difficulty in Ireland. Religion is Love. (Loud cheers.) The Home Rule business is, it seems, after all to be settled by the Birrell blessing rather than the Churchill curse.

Sir John Benn's attempt to prove that a short time ago all Unionists were Home Rulers is quite droll in its way. How he left out Captain Craig and Mr. Moore we cannot imagine—surely he has some bits of speeches—or absence of speeches—to show that they too were separatists of sorts lately? No—we cannot suspect Sir Edward Carson of a "falling away" because a large linen draper, or the director of some general emporium in the West End of London wrote articles to the

"Times" signed "Pacifcus". At the same time the excited attitude of some Conservatives and Conservative idealists at the time was supremely silly. Let us at least be thankful it did not actually come to a meeting between these idealists and Mr. Redmond at 1 Grosvenor Square—where, we believe, Lord Carnarvon once did really meet Mr. Parnell.

It is a good thing Sir Horace Plunkett has openly taken the field against Mr. T. W. Russell, who has thwarted his agricultural policy in Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett's policy had the approval of Nationalists and Unionists and Liberals. It was especially praised by one who is now a Cabinet Minister, and King Edward's interest in the work will not soon be forgotten. Yet Mr. Russell goes out of his way to spoil the good which his predecessor did in Ireland. Why was Mr. Russell placed in this office? Surely better Mr. Field by far than he. What were Mr. Russell's farming qualifications? He kept a Temperance Hotel in Dublin. Presumably he was so successful in liquid that the Government put him into land.

Nothing can shake Lord Carrington's optimism about land. If English wheat went down once more to seventeen and ninepence a quarter we really believe he would have high hopes of the farming outlook. Indeed, it does not seem to matter to an ardent Liberal land reformer what price wheat, barley and oats stand at. It does not signify—except perhaps to the wicked Tory landowner—how low rents sink. Let them indeed sink to the prairie value. The People will then be able to "return to the land" and then at length England will produce the number of eggs and the amount of milk and the vegetables and jam that she can and should. Indeed, Lord Carrington, in his interesting speech on Wednesday, did once more return to the poultry panacea. If England ever produces the number of eggs which with almost "damnable iteration" we are told by the Radical reformers she should, the crowing of cocks and the cackling of hens will be past all bearing.

But in truth the poultry theory is in danger of being done to death. Hard experience, really scientific experience, shows that in England there is not anything like the great profit in poultry farming, large or small, that many credulous people suppose. The farmer cannot live by hens or honey alone. When all has been written or said, it remains that to do anything with the land in many parts of the country the farmer must grow corn. How are all these hundreds of thousands of very small farmers whom Lord Carrington hopes to see settled on the land before long to do anything with corn when it drops under thirty shillings a quarter? Good small-holders are wanted for England, small-holders owning their own land and house: that is the sound Unionist policy to-day. But we fear Lord Carrington, in his enthusiasm, may end by planting on the soil men with no roots who will never thrive there. He prides himself indeed on the fact that tens of thousands of acres have no private owners to-day. The small-holder teased by the local authority is not a happy outlook.

General Goldsworthy, who died this week, was of the type of Parliamentarian for whom there will be little use, we suppose, henceforth. He was not a distinguished politician, it is true, who devoted great thought to laws and lawmaking. He was "an amateur", and the idea in some quarters now is to get only the professional player at Westminster. He simply went to the House of Commons from a sense of duty—to serve the public without making anything out of the public. What room will there be for men in the ideal Radical Parliament of to-morrow? No amateur need apply.

By the way, when are the Radicals on the County Councils, the District Councils and the Parish Councils to put in their demand? It is strange that they have not done so already; and, indeed, where is the justice or the logic in paying a wealthy Radical manufacturer a salary for serving Parliament if a salary is to be denied to a poor Radical for serving the parish? No doubt some of the business of a parish is small, including the

tradition of the parish pump. Yet work really is being done sometimes at a parish meeting when all that is going forward at a Parliament meeting is talk. When this is generally understood the parish councillor will probably put in his little claim. The amateur parish politician will then be displaced by the professional.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Holland's book on the Duke of Devonshire will set to rest for ever those stories that the Duke—as Lord Hartington—intrigued against Mr. Gladstone for the Leadership. They were the mean stories of small-minded people. It never was worth Lord Hartington's while to intrigue. Besides, intrigue is always baseness—let us not, because it has thriven now and then in exalted quarters, forget that—and Lord Hartington was never base. We marvel that the stories about Lord Hartington intriguing, in the seventies especially, found such ready believers. We happen to know that among those who believed the stories, and bitterly censured Lord Hartington, was Lord Acton the historian. This weakness in so able a man is easily explained—Lord Acton was an incorrigible lover of gossip and of lobbying.

By the way we should say that Sir Algernon West would now come forward, and generously retract what he has said about Lord Hartington in this matter. It is not often that a story of the kind can be so completely discredited; but the letters which Lord Hartington wrote to his father at the time, and the account of his interviews with Queen Victoria are absolutely conclusive. Character such as the Duke's is a kind of national property, an asset of high value, and it is our duty to preserve it unsullied and intact. We are afraid that character like his must tend to become rare and rarer as time goes on: for, undeniably, it is character that pertains largely, if not wholly, to a noble class—it is the character that is in blood and birth—and this class is being lessened in strength and authority if not actually destroyed.

Lord Willoughby de Broke spoke frankly as a Unionist in congratulating Mr. Borden on his victory in Canada. He referred boldly to the part played by the Radical Government in the negotiations between America and Canada a few months ago. Canada had refused the American bargain in spite of "pressure which was a great deal nearer Westminster than New York". Mr. Borden's victory was tactically as well as morally a victory for the Unionist party in England. Moreover, the moral pointed particularly to Ireland. If the Government were checked in Ireland as in Canada, it would be checkmate.

Beyond some skirmishing the Turco-Italian war makes no progress. About 30,000 Italian troops have been landed in Tripoli and we may expect an advance inland to be made. Then the Italian difficulties will begin, though at present the Arabs show no real disposition to put up a fight. If any serious effort is to be made to bring them into subjection, then we may expect trouble. One thing is certain, that peace cannot be made on the terms either party is willing to offer at present; this is now admitted even in Berlin. The massing of Turkish troops on the frontiers seems, at present at all events, not to be aggressive in intention. It can be well understood that, though there be no immediate intention of attacking Greece, a large force on the Greek frontier may prevent that Government from making use of the crisis to appropriate Crete.

Turkey, on her part, absolutely declines to part with Tripoli for good, or to take her friends' advice and "cut the loss"; to surrender at once without any fight would destroy all the prestige of the new régime and might easily lead to the complete break-up of Turkey in Europe. On the other hand, it is stated that when Italy once feels herself securely in possession of Tripoli she may offer to pay a small sum as compensation to Turkey without recognising any sovereignty or suzerainty. If, however, Turkey will not then come to terms she will make no more offers, but will continue

the war actively in the Ægean and on the coast of Asia Minor, claiming in the end an indemnity herself. Meanwhile the Turkish fleet has betaken itself to "target practice" in the Bosphorus—a truly humorous stroke this!

The Morocco negotiations hang, and the Reichstag has already resumed its sittings and the Chamber meets shortly. In both Assemblies the Government must shortly be exposed to a fire of cross-examination, none of which will make for peace. The German Government has managed to put off interpellations for a few days. French opinion is clearly hardening every day against making any concessions of moment in the Congo, and without such concessions a German Government could hardly face an election; it will be bad enough explaining the surrender in Morocco. If M. Clemenceau returns to power in France it can only be on a programme of resistance to German aggression, which would be entirely in harmony with French feeling as it is for the moment. Not a hopeful prospect.

The course of events in China is still far from clear. When the insurrection broke out at Wuchang, Peking was evidently thoroughly alarmed—not only by the incident itself but by the risk that it might be a signal for a more general rising. As that had not happened and the rebels had scored no further decisive success the Government seem to be regaining confidence and to have relaxed their efforts to despatch reinforcements by sea. The malcontents generally have shown by their quiescence that they lack leadership and cohesion. But if the news is confirmed that the Insurgents have since won a victory the whole face of events might again be changed. The exodus of Cantonese to Hong Kong and the influx of refugees into Shanghai shows how great is the prevailing unrest.

More striking than the news of twenty odd thousand men in arms at Wuchang is the invitation of the Chinese Government to Yuan Shih-kai. The position of the Government would be grave indeed if the rebellion came to be looked on with favour by the mass of the people. The obvious politic thing for the Government to do was to call to their assistance one of the few men in China with a reputation for honesty—one, too, credited by the majority with a definite policy of reform. A bad year and heavy taxation, with an educated minority disgusted by the corruption of their rulers—these are exactly the conditions for a successful rebellion.

The rebels began well for themselves with a swift capture of money and arms. But if they remain unsupported their failure in the end seems assured. It appears they have not been able to hold the terminus of the railway which is bringing the troops from Peking, and if they are unable to do this their defeat is merely a question of bringing down a sufficient number of troops from the capital. What they most needed they have failed to bring—an immediate, striking success which would lure over the waverers. Whoever won the "battle" of Wednesday last, it was neither big nor decisive enough seriously to affect the position.

The London Territorials are anxious about their reputation. The problem is not to get new men—they have now as many men as they ever will have—but to keep up a decent appearance next year when recruits will be retiring. The Lord Mayor has had the brilliant idea of offering the men a bonus; and the Association has decided that this idea is too good to lose. It is to be offered to the War Office. What will Lord Haldane do? Accepting the idea, he will confess that his Territorial Army is a sham. Rejecting it, he will run the risk of losing the Army altogether.

Following the career of these Territorials one is irresistibly reminded of Meredith's brilliant essay on the uses of panic to subdue the unwilling taxpayer who "will not pay the additional penny or two wanted of him, that we may be a step or two ahead of the day we live in, unless he be frightened. . . . Consequently the tocsin has to be sounded, and the effect is woeful past

measure: his hugging of his Army, his kneeling on the shore to his Navy, his implorations of his Yeomanry and his hedges are sad to note". As to Territorials and other such devices, "particular care must be taken after he has begun to cool and calculate his chances of security that he do not gather to him a curtain of volunteers and go to sleep again behind them, for they cost little in proportion to the much they pretend to be to him".

For one who as a boy pored over a book of the insignia of the Emperors there could be no place more tempting to lofty speech than Aix-la-Chapelle, with its memories of Charlemagne and Barbarossa. At Aix-la-Chapelle it does not seem grandiose in an Emperor of Germans to exclaim that "Barbarossa must be set free again from the Kyffhäuser Mountain". In the circumstances the Kaiser's speech, unveiling the statue of his father in this old imperious city, was quiet indeed. His proud boast that "all Germans can look in confidence to the Crown" aptly followed the words remembered by Dr. Beltmann: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace".

The presentation of the freedom of the borough of Hythe to Lord Brassey as the Warden of the Cinque Ports carries us far back in our history. In the war between the Barons and Henry III. the rebels chose one Richard de Grey as Custos Quinque Portuum; but on the tide of war turning Prince Edward was made Lord Warden, and received the submission of the Five Ports. Amongst other Lord Wardens were Humphrey Duke of Gloucester and George Duke of Buckingham (James the First's "Steenie"), and in modern times William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Salisbury, and the present King when Prince of Wales. Walmer Castle, the Lord Warden's residence, was inhabited by Pitt and the Duke of Wellington and Lord Granville (amongst other Wardens), but is now turned into a national show or museum. Lord George Hamilton, that favourite of fortune, is the Deputy Warden, and has "a small but comfortable marine residence"—in the language of advertisements—called Deal Castle.

In the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors the Cinque Ports were flourishing and important towns, for they furnished so many ships apiece to the Royal Navy. The Royal writs requiring so many ships for the wars are addressed to "probi homines Quinque Portuum", and there apparently existed a rather indefinite or elastic idea at Whitehall as to which the Five Ports were, sometimes six or seven ports being named in the levy—Hastings, Rye, Winchelsea, Romney, Hythe, Dover, Sandwich, and even Faversham being included. The best opinion now seems to be that Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich are the Cinque Ports, and Rye and Winchelsea the "ancient towns". Hythe used to return two members of Parliament, who were called "barons of Hythe", one being practically nominated by the Lord Warden, and one elected by the Mayor, jurats, and burgesses or freemen of the borough. Now, of course, Hythe, Folkestone, Sandgate, and Shorncliffe form a group of boroughs returning one member.

The messenger who brought Rothschild the news of the battle of Waterloo is said to have landed somewhere between Sandgate and Hythe, for which reason the great Jewish house has always been generous to Hythe, and Baron Rothschild represented the borough in the Victorian era. Hythe is quite one of the prettiest places on the South Coast, its chief beauties being the wooded valley that runs up from the High Street to the picturesque old village of Saltwood, with its church and castle, and the military canal with its splendid avenue of elms. The National Telephone Company, with the insolence of a dying despot, refused to remove the poles and wires which disfigured the Mayor's avenue, and threatened to cut the town off. Happily the Mayor and Town Clerk have come to terms with the Postmaster-General: the poles will disappear and the wires be laid underground.

Lord Rosebery, speaking of dead books, touched but the fringe of his theme. There are many kinds of dead books. There are books that die of old age, and many more books that are born dead. Books of verse, fiction, travel, and recollections issue every day that need never have been written, which no one will ever want to read. These were born dead. Books that die of neglect, falling upon a generation that knows not Joseph, are a sadder sort of lumber. Most of the books we call modern books are of this class. For to be modern to-day is most often to be dead the day after to-morrow. Only those books which are something more than of a mode can live beyond it.

Take the example offered us but a week ago. The books of Hesba Stretton are fast coming to be reckoned among books that are dead. She belonged to a generation which did not yet repeat that modest doubt was beacon of the wise. She was as completely of her time, and not of another, as Mr. Shaw is of his. There are few to-day—in the towns, at any rate—who begin their reading with "Jessica's First Prayer". Yet this book, like Mr. Shaw's plays, was translated into nearly every European language: it was recommended to a great nation by one monarch and banned by his successor. But she was not great enough to live beyond her day of writers for good children. We know of only one writer of that school who can hope to live beyond her generation. Mrs. Ewing—the author of "Six to Sixteen"—is still better reading than many a modern novelist whose books will be dead to-morrow.

There has been a deal of touting lately for young operachorus singers. The time has evidently gone by for the gallant old brigade who used to wheeze, squeak, hic-cough and groan their way through any parts that were given them at Covent Garden. These veterans knew their business: in any standard work they knew exactly where to stand and what attitudes to strike; and they got up new operas in a remarkably short time. Their principal defect was that they knew nothing of the operas themselves; and besides this one could rarely make out what they were singing—or if we could we hastily closed our ears. A later generation of operagoers will not stand being insulted in this way—not even by the old gang with half-a-century of experience behind them in which to ruin whatever voices they ever possessed and to acquire villainous Italian stage-tricks; and as the later musical directors agree with the audiences the old gang has had to go. And, as we say, more youthful hands are being sought far and wide.

A word of caution to parents and guardians. The inducement to enter the opera-chorus is that stage experience is gained and a way prepared to leading positions. It is a lying inducement. All hope abandon ye who enter here. Once a chorister always a chorister. By the time any experience is gained all voice is lost; and the fact that a young man or woman has been a chorister bars the way, in the judgment of all managers, to anything higher. We need not sentimentalise over the squalid endings of many of the hapless, broken-down folk who may be seen hanging about the stage-doors of every opera-house in Europe; but there can be no doubt that the chorus has been the grave of more than one career. At any rate, no first-rank soloist has ever emerged from its dingy ranks.

Could a more damning indictment of Covent Garden be drawn up than its own announcement that the season would open with an evening of Russian ballet? Covent Garden's record is so very bad that it is late in the day to speak of its disgracing itself; but it is certainly a disgrace to English music. It has a monopoly of the theatre, of many of the most attractive operas, and of the audience, and for the sake of the profit, and for no other reason, it relinquishes opera and offers dancing. Dividends is all the Syndicate thinks of; and the argument that dancing draws larger houses than opera would apply to other forms of spectacle than dancing.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND EUROPEAN PEACE.

IS France heading for war? No one in touch with French feeling or the movements of opinion during the last four years has any doubt that there has been a great revival of patriotism and national spirit. At the present moment such a complete collapse and surrender as was witnessed when M. Delcassé was ejected from office by the orders of Germany in 1905 would be impossible. This is very evident from the tone of the newspapers, whose whole attitude towards the possible enemies of France has changed. Articles in leading journals are now pervaded by a tone of confidence and self-reliance which has been lacking for years; at times this turns to a note of defiance with distinct traces of megalomania. Anyone who has lived in France and mingled with all classes knows well that the tone of self-assurance evident in the papers is only the reflection of a general sentiment. It might be an interesting psychological exercise to trace this feeling to its source, but we shall not be far out in dating its rapid development from the Casablanca incident of 1908. Here for the first time France really stood up to Germany and successfully resisted the methods which had up till then paid the German Foreign Office so well. It is true that the general settlement of the point at issue was left to a Hague Tribunal. No one cared or cares about the details, but the effect was that Europe felt that France had successfully stood up to Germany, and that the period of tame acquiescence was at an end. There was also a well-founded conviction that, more or less actively, England stood behind France. In the Casablanca affair the protagonist was M. Clemenceau, the Prime Minister, who, whatever his faults—and they were grave—had managed to strike the patriotic note and to keep it vibrating. Successive Ministries have done the same with the result that, quite clearly to everyone, French national sentiment has revived, at all events temporarily, and any Ministry which allowed itself to be bullied by Germany could not live for a day.

A very grave development is clearly present to the minds of all at this moment. After three weary months the Moorish part of the Franco-German negotiations has ended. The result of this is to everyone's knowledge a German defeat. It is true that in great measure the success of French diplomacy is due to our support, which does not tend to make us more popular in Germany. But it is of vital importance for the German Government that it should have some apparent compensation to set off against its failure in Morocco. It is true that the blunder at Agadir has made any retreat in Morocco look like a bad diplomatic defeat. So far as this ill-conceived manœuvre involved its own consequences German diplomacy deserves no pity, but the Congo deal is on a different footing. Undoubtedly there was an understanding that German acquiescence in Morocco would be met by French surrender in the Congo, and a surrender of something substantial. Every day shows now more and more clearly that French public opinion is hardening against any serious abandonment of territory at all. But, unless the German Government is prepared to admit the most damaging diplomatic defeat it has sustained for fifty years, it must insist on something substantial in the way of concession from France with which it can meet the complaints of its friends in the Reichstag. Supposing the negotiations are broken off and things return to their former position, it is very difficult to see how a rupture is to be avoided. France will not allow German activity in the Sus district to continue, and we cannot allow Germany to hold Agadir as a naval station, neither will France go out of Fez.

There is therefore only one way out from what is otherwise an impasse, and that is that the French Government should make things as easy for Germany as they safely can do for themselves. But for this two factors are necessary. The Government must be willing and the French nation must back them or at least acquiesce. But the whole tendency of French feeling

is to say "Go on, do your worst; we will surrender nothing". This feeling grows day by day and is causing considerable anxiety in Berlin. The only possible check upon it would be a strong Government which can compel a majority in the Chamber to support it. Unfortunately there is little prospect of this. The attitude of the existing combination has been correct enough and has been conciliatory enough, but it is believed among those in France best qualified to judge that its days are numbered, or rather that the Prime Minister is tired of it and is prepared to give place to another, and that that other is M. Clemenceau. How would such a change look to Germany and Europe now? With the negotiations unfinished and French opinion more and more averse from giving Germany any compensation for her Morocco surrender, there appears as Prime Minister the man who first successfully withstood Germany and gave the signal for the revival of French national spirit. With him will be associated M. Delcassé, who was driven from the French Foreign Office six years ago by German pressure because his presence there was considered a danger to Germany. It may well be believed that he does not love Germany. Alongside of this it must be remembered that Germany has a warship, and has had for weeks, in a Moorish port, where the British Government has clearly intimated that she cannot be allowed to remain indefinitely. It is not very easy to feel optimistic as to the peace of Europe when one looks at these facts, or at least extreme probabilities. It is indeed stated by those well qualified to know that the arrangement with M. Clemenceau is already made, and that he will come in not with the usual anti-clerical programme, but on a line of resistance to German pressure, which would undoubtedly be popular in France just now. The Reichstag and the Chamber of Deputies are not likely to help their respective Governments to a peaceful solution. If the present French Ministry remains unchanged, the outlook is far from promising; if it is changed in the direction we have indicated, the prospect becomes black.

The English position in the event of a conflict is unfortunately clear. It has already been marked out for us by the inevitable pressure of circumstances. We must back France, and the change in French feeling is undoubtedly due in great measure to the fact that the French are aware of this. We do not encourage France to resistance, but France feels strong enough to resist because we are behind her. The conduct of the German Foreign Office has been so provocative that it has alienated sympathy, and for the moment Germany is the best hated Power in Europe, the proud position we have often enjoyed and may probably enjoy again, unless fortune deserts us.

When the relations between countries are in their present stage between France, Germany, and England a conflict is talked of as inevitable by people that count, and then the best opportunity is sought. Germany's difficulties are very grave now in the Near East, and in the event of a fight over Morocco it is hard to see how Russia and Austria could keep out. There is no doubt that a German diplomatic or military disaster would be popular in Europe. Her sabre-rattling policy has got on the nerves of the world, but her sense of grievance has foundation though her way of showing it is repulsive. It is more than unfortunate that we have never frankly arranged with her in what quarter of the world we could see Germany expand with equanimity. But we have no option now. We must see the thing through.

THE REVOLT IN CENTRAL CHINA.

THE interest and potential importance of the recent mutiny of Chinese troops at Wuchang are quite out of proportion to the incident. From a statement attributed to the General who is in command of the insurgents—that he had enlisted 20,000 and had now 25,600 troops—it would seem that the Provincial City, with its Treasury containing Tls. 2,000,000, was captured, and the important arsenal on the opposite bank of the Yangtze occupied, by some 5000 men.

That is not a portentous number with which to subvert a Government and a dynasty. But the effect of a small spark may be very great among combustible material; and the present outbreak is, admittedly, an expression of widespread disaffection. Floods, droughts, and consequent scarcity are chronic in some part or other of a country as large as all Europe, excluding Russia. This year they have been exceptionally severe; and such disasters are regarded in China as a manifestation of Heaven's displeasure with the Emperor. Taxation, harassing in its character as much as by its amount, has been increased to supply Treasuries drained by the requirements of an increasing Debt and other items of modern expenditure which the Government attempts to meet with a mediæval system of finance. A profuse issue of debased currency is undergoing the inevitable recoil. The necessities of life have risen in price from causes which the poorer classes cannot be expected to comprehend. Rice is exceptionally dear, and popular opinion attributes the rise measurably to speculators interested in cornering the supply. The principle of State-owned railways may be a statesmanlike conception; but the provinces dislike the innovation! One loan destined to make railways in Chekeang is lying, or supposed to be lying, intact while Chekeang is making, or trying to make, a railway itself. The Tartar General was assassinated, lately, in Canton, and the Provincial Admiral was wounded, a few weeks later, by a bomb; the incidents being accompanied by riots and menaces of further outbreak that have caused a steady exodus of well-to-do Chinese to the greater security of Hong Kong. Here again the proposed nationalisation of railways was a potent element of discontent, though various rills contributed, as usual, to swell the stream of unrest. It matters not—China being in case—that local enterprise had managed to construct sixty miles only of the Kwangtung section of the projected Canton-Hankow trunk line in six years, or that the accounts have been alleged to be in the condition usual with Chinese finance. All that was more or less normal, and was no reason for transferring the opportunities involved in such confusion to Peking.

Note was taken in the SATURDAY REVIEW last year (30 April 1910) of financial disclosures in connexion with the projected Hankow-Szechuen line which might have sufficed in any other country to demonstrate the need for superior control. Out of Tls. 15,500,000 raised, for instance, in various ways, a third had been spent before the first sod was turned: it was estimated that the balance might suffice to construct about ninety miles, and the authorities were asking for £8,000,000 to complete the undertaking. But subscriptions had ceased! And there have been rumours, since, of the disappearance of the remaining funds in the maelstrom of rubber speculation at Shanghai which caused the departure of the late Taotai leaving an alleged deficit of Tls. 3,000,000 in his funds. But all that has not prevented the outbreak in Szechuen of very serious riots as a protest against the construction under Imperial auspices of a line which the Szechuenese claim to make for themselves. The motives may be mixed—an expression measurably of provincial independence, measurably of objection to foreign intrusion, measurably of a desire to retain for themselves profits incidental to all manipulation of Chinese finance. They might not—probably would not—be able to provide the necessary capital themselves, and would probably in any case construct a very inferior line. The point of interest at the moment is that these motives exist and are contributing their quota to swell the volume of irritation. It is significant also that notables of distinction, including members of the Provincial Parliament, are among those who have been arrested; and a telegram to the Agence d'Extrême Orient alleges that the Parliaments of other provinces have leagued to protest against their incarceration and to petition for their immediate release. The plea that they had no thought of revolt, but accompanied the demonstrators to the Viceregal palace with a view to mediation, may be a Chinese way of putting it; but the expression of feeling is clear.

The immediate cause of the revolt at Wuchang seems obscure. The Viceroy telegraphed to Peking on the 10th that he had discovered a revolutionary centre and executed four ringleaders, thereby preventing a pre-arranged outbreak. Yet on the following day he was a fugitive. It may be that his discovery hastened the rising; but dissatisfaction was known to be rife. The question of supreme interest is how far the contagion may spread, and there is no news yet of any important accessions to the rebel strength. The Viceroy of Nanking has judged it wise to disarm a battalion of his modern drilled troops; and anxiety is evidently felt as to what may happen in other parts of his viceroyalty; but no actual mutiny is reported. The Imperial authorities have been thoroughly frightened, and Dr. Morrison's statement to the "Times" that "the sympathies of the immense mass of educated Chinese in Peking are unreservedly with the revolutionaries" is significant of the justice of their alarm. But a good deal more than sympathy is required to achieve successful rebellion; and if the insurgents at Wuchang are left to themselves they will probably be overborne. Troops hurriedly despatched against them from the North are rapidly arriving; and the Minister of War, General Yin Chang, has gone in person to take command. Can he trust his forces? Serious doubts were indicated in the first telegrams from Peking; but though the results of the fighting at Hankow are variously reported there is not hint of unwillingness to fight. Significance may be attached, too, to the attitude of Yuan Shih-kai. The Viceroy of the two Hu provinces (of which Wuchang is the capital) was promptly dismissed, and Yuan appointed in his stead. It would have been little surprising if he had refused; and there seems to have been, in fact, a period of hesitation. It may be that he was exacting conditions, and that he was wishing also to watch the course of events. One source of his influence when Viceroy of Chih-li was his popularity with the Northern troops, and he may have been willing to ascertain how they are now disposed before taking a decision. The General commanding the insurgents, Li Yuan-hung, is known well and apparently favourably to the foreign military attachés. He was educated in Japan, has been in England, speaks English and has commanded a brigade. The personality of his colleagues is less clear. A statement ascribed to Tang Hua-ling (spoken of in a Hankow telegram as the "Rebel Viceroy")—that the object of the revolt is to make China a Republic—would appear to stamp him a follower of Sun Yat-sen. But much water has to flow under many bridges before that question can come up for decision; and when it does a General commanding a victorious army usually has most to say. Sun has a certain following—especially among students educated in Japan—and his emissaries are doubtless active; but it may be questioned whether the idea of a Republic would commend itself to many thoughtful Chinese. It would certainly appear impracticable to every foreigner conversant with China and its traditions.

There are still insufficient data to permit an attempt to define the military situation. The temporary quiescence of the Insurgents combined with the absence of risings elsewhere seems to have encouraged the Authorities to suspend the supplementary despatch of troops from Shantung by sea. But we hear at the moment of writing of a "decisive victory" by the Insurgents, which would, if confirmed, materially alter the aspect of affairs. The success of their first blow placed them in command of money and arms, and was pregnant with unknown menace. If the discontent in the Nanking and Canton viceroyalties had expressed itself in similar action the case would have been well-nigh judged. But every day's inaction seemed to be having more than negative effect. One is scarcely surprised to learn that the Imperialists have, on the other hand, applied to foreign banks for further loans. Two cogent motives appear to have so far prompted a refusal. It is felt, in the first place, that the occasion is one on which "The Throne" might be expected to spend some of its own

hoarded millions, instead of asking for foreign help; and, secondly, that to begin financing the Imperialists would appear to the insurgents to be taking sides, whereas they have shown themselves so far friendly disposed and promise not to molest foreigners if foreigners do not molest them. Nothing is said as to the nature of the security which the Government proposes; but the reflection will doubtless suggest itself that the value of the Imperial guarantee pure and simple is beginning to fade. A possibility of default is already suggested in payment of the quota required for the service of existing debt. It will be wise to stand aside and let the Chinese settle matters with their own resources, in their own way.

THE HALSBURY MISSION.

LORD HALSBURY has thought it necessary to write to the papers disclaiming any notion of disloyalty towards Mr. Balfour on the part of any member of the Halsbury Club. These disclaimers are usually unwise. They more often stir suspicion than lay it. But we hope the Halsbury Club will be too true to itself for there to be any room for suspicion about itself or its aims. It has grown out of a protest against want of straightness in Unionist party conduct, and will hardly go the wrong way. If it wanted Mr. Balfour to go and intended to work for his retirement, the Club, we hope, would say so openly. It is possible to desire a change in leadership without being a scoundrel or a traitor. If a man is convinced that a change in leadership is necessary for the furtherance of his party's objects, which to him is the same thing as his country's objects, he is not to be charged with disloyalty because he says so and works to that end. But he must be honest and open over it. Rebellion may be commendable and honourable; intrigue cannot be. But loyalty to Mr. Balfour does not mean, either necessarily or reasonably, satisfaction with his leadership in all things, or content that things should go on in the party as they have been going of late. If it did mean that, we should say the Halsbury Club was beginning by being untrue to itself and disloyal to the cause it came into being to advance. The club was not, we suppose, made merely for the pleasure of adding one more to a number of Unionist societies mostly indistinguishable from one another either in their character or their small performance. The programme of the club has been generally blessed, and blessed precisely for its least significant aspect. Its professions, we are told, are unimpeachable. All Unionists can support them with pleasure. As the same can be said of every other Unionist society—from the least effective local association, being a handful of middle-class worthies who enjoy being entertained royally, and often at the candidate's expense, and doing nothing in return, to the Conservative Central Office itself—this does not confer much distinction on the Halsbury Club. We can all talk blameless party platitudes. But what we cannot all do, or anyway do not, is have a mind of our own and stick to it; and that is what the Halsbury Club can do with great advantage to the party. It is desirable that the public should see that there is a group, a growing one, in the party that does know what it is aiming at, has the courage to make its objects clearly known, and the honesty to stick to them. If the man in the street observes this and realises that these Unionists will not turn away when the pinch comes, will not lose their principles in tactics, will fight to the end for what they believe to be right, confidence in the party will begin to revive. Whispering about these things is silly. Better to speak out about them plainly. Everyone is quite aware, whether it is mentioned or not, that for some time there has been a want of confidence in the conduct of the Unionist party; doubts as to its seriousness; disbelief in its fighting power. The surrender over the Parliament Bill necessarily increased this want of confidence enormously. Happily, by process of reaction this very surrender made it clear that there were high up in the party men who would not temporise and give away that

which they considered of vital importance. There was moral force in the party somewhere, after all. The events which were the occasion of all this are past, as we have been told many times in the last few days; but the spirit which they stirred lives on. The Halsbury Club came into being, we take it, and will remain to embody the spirit which was in those who stood out against that great betrayal. Thus it can be a source of great strength to the party. It is wanted to watch, to stimulate, to criticise; loyal to the principles of the party, it will so be loyal to leaders as not to exclude independence if those principles are played with. They may be able to act in the sweetest harmony with all the party managers and leaders—they will certainly wish to—there may be no difference between them. But the essential fact, we take it, about the Halsburians, their only reason of being, is that they will not allow, so far as in them lies, Unionist policy to be sacrificed to the Unionist machine. If they think the cause for which the party exists is being refined away, that their leaders are treating it as a matter for bargain instead of a cause to be fought, they will do again what they did last August.

We are not pretending to speak in the name of the Halsbury Club. We do not claim to be "inspired". Arguing from patent premises, we simply point out what, as it seems to us, the part of this club in public affairs must be. If it should not be so; if the club neither claims nor asserts more independence than other party association, it will have no significance and must soon relapse into nonentity. It must not forget its origin, the situation from which it sprang. Very large numbers in the constituencies will look to it for guidance. Nobody doubts—not even those who disagreed with them—that the Forwards had the lively sympathy of a vast number of Unionist electors, whatever proportion they may have borne to the whole. These will welcome the Halsbury Club. Its very existence will be reassuring to them. They will see in it a rallying point for the hard-fighting Unionist: there, at any rate, he will feel that he knows where he is. The keen men of the rank and file have been too long out of sympathy with the conduct of the party's affairs. They have had too little incentive to work. They have felt instinctively that the Government was being tackled in the wrong way; a most resolute and ruthless Government by a most irresolute accommodating Opposition. They could not expect success. These must be shown a more vigorous way. We are not concerned with the talk about party divisions, an imperium in imperio, and so forth. We are certain the party will never win, will not save what it would save or build up what it would build, if it is run as it has been of late. We kept the peace and slept. No doubt such a body as the Halsbury Club might in other conditions be superfluous: it would then die; things may change so much that the club may become superfluous: then it will die. It will have done what it had to do. But for the present distress we are certain it is not only needed but very much needed.

It is not in the Unionist interest that these domestic difficulties should be hushed up or smoothed over. These are disorders every party suffers from from time to time. They are not cured by being driven in. The Liberal party was going through much the same a few years ago. It has a little more than survived. This sort of illness must run its course; then the system, purged of the poison, recovers, and is stronger than before.

THE INSURANCE MUDDLE.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George's irritation can no longer be suppressed he rushes to the pulpit and covers with abuse everyone who cannot accept revelation in his words. The latest Tabernacle speech, that old inimitable mixture of cheap sentimentality and open appeal to cupidity, meant, as has since been avowed that the Cabinet will rush through the Insurance Bill. With this Bill as it stood there was the greatest dissatisfaction throughout the country; even now the opposition is keenest where the subject

is best understood, and is most bitter amongst some of the Chancellor's own political followers. If the House of Commons were free to vote as they wished, the Bill would still not pass. Most of the Government's supporters are visibly uneasy at the strong feeling in the country, and were it not the first and last commandment of the Radical creed to obey caucus orders, they would speak out freely and vote as they spoke. But the whips will clap on the muzzle, with the result that the whole discussion on the Bill must necessarily be taken up by the Unionist and Labour parties. Here, thinks the Chancellor, we have them on the horns of a dilemma, for if the Bill fails, we can roundly abuse them for robbing the working man. Dilemma this may seem to the timid member whose whole time is spent in trimming for votes, but none to him with pluck and real convictions.

The Bill is one of the most important for many years. At present it is full of defects, being scored under every line with ignorance of practical details. There is only one clear course, and that is to insist on postponement for further consideration. We shall not get it, but we must press for it all the same. The whole subject is essentially one which ought to be discussed by a body of experts and social reformers entirely independent of passing political considerations. The threat to pillory opponents in their constituencies as enemies of the people is an empty menace. The petty details of contribution and benefit are thoroughly appreciated by the working man, who from suspicion has grown to thorough dislike of the Bill. All the much-talked-of "agreement in principle" means is that under proper financial safeguards the State is to help those who help themselves to tide over periods of sickness. Beyond that broad generalisation there is no agreement. Finance must be considered not only from the point of view of what the State can afford, but also from the basis of a technical insurance calculation of equilibrium between contributions and benefits.

The Bill imposes what friendly societies term a "flat" or even rate for all ages and occupations, which means that the young man not likely to come on the fund for twenty years is paying in premium just as much as the man of forty or fifty, who may on the average fall ill at any time. In other words, the younger members are to pay for the older. Nor does the rate take into account hazardous occupations which naturally are better paid and therefore better able to bear an increased premium. Small wonder the Friendly Societies are so bitterly opposed to this utterly illogical rate. Their capital, the only real measure of success and financial soundness, has been built up on generations of experience, and consists in the main of the accumulated contributions of men who have grown from youth to middle age without sickness. When sickness falls on these contributors they take a part of the society's capital. The State, under the Bill, starts entirely without capital. Its future financial position on a basis of this kind can well be imagined. The greatest blot on the Bill from the social reformer's point of view is the recognition of dividing and deposit societies as proper Friendly Societies. To use a familiar insurance term, these societies are entirely "unfinancial". They are little better than deposit banks under notice restrictions. There is no correspondence on an actuarial basis between contributions and benefits, and the management is too often hopelessly ignorant and inefficient. This class of society has proved a simple trap for working-class savings.

Mr. Lloyd George has missed a great opportunity. He should have provided for a thorough audit of every Friendly Society, none to be approved unless it could show itself to be financially sound—although time might reasonably be given for every society just over the boundary to put its house in order. Had this method been adopted, extra benefits would have accrued to those already in the societies, and many working-men now outside their organisation would have been able by the help of Government and employers' contributions to become members. Those who cannot afford to become members of any Friendly Society even with Government help are necessarily of the poorest class, usually casual

labourers, and fall under the Government's so-called Post Office method. This part of the Bill certainly needs further development in close connexion with a reformed Poor Law. The quarrel with the doctors is a pretty one. The Government had promised to take them away from Friendly Society control, but now, in fear of the societies, they are for putting them back, partly at any rate. Will the doctors stand it? The question is really economic, and if the societies had obtained the State and employers' contributions of their members direct, no doubt the doctors would have been assured of better payment.

Under the Bill as it stands, even with Mr. George's latest concessions, the Friendly Societies run a very serious risk of damage, gradual it may be, but none the less real. The Government and Collecting Society schemes, financially unsound, will of necessity compete with and eventually cripple any schemes managed on a sound basis, which obviously cannot offer such good inducements to new members. The societies contain the best and the most stable elements of the working classes, and are the strongest bulwark we have against the visionary folly of the labour extremist.

The sanatoria clauses of the Bill offer an excellent example of Mr. Lloyd George's cart-before-the-horse methods of legislation. Tubercle is a disease mainly of environment, being found usually among poorly-nurtured and badly-housed people. The cure is fresh air and good food. These are best obtained by housing reform, better cooking, and the strict punishment of adulteration. It is cruel nonsense on the Chancellor's part to tell his audience that three months in a sanatorium will restore the worker to his home a cured man. His disease has come in all probability from the conditions of his life, and unless those conditions are altered, is morally certain in nine cases out of ten to return. Some sanatoria, especially for the early stages of tubercle, are undoubtedly necessary; but what we want is a vigorous war on the conditions which cause tubercle. The Bill gives no compulsory powers, and without these the fight is useless.

The Government are not only to refuse adequate discussion on the Bill, but will endeavour also to fend off every substantial amendment. Therefore we must fight them to the end in every possible way. The country wants insurance, but by means of a carefully planned scheme, practically worked out in details, and with the fullest use made of existing thrift organisations. The Bill as it exists is ill-planned, financially bad, confused in detail, and damaging to the Friendly Societies.

THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange has now reached a stage of normal inactivity. It has emerged from the depression created by the succession of financial calamities, labour outbreaks and political disputes, and prices have now recovered from the unduly low level to which they had fallen. The rise has been fairly well spread over investment and speculative securities and a certain amount of profit-taking has been indulged in, causing occasional irregularity. Of course, the public has not taken any practical interest in the improvement. The public proverbially never buys at the bottom nor sells at the top; it always waits until professional dealers have taken good advantage of the prevailing conditions. The buying in progress during the last few weeks has been almost entirely professional or semi-professional, which accounts for the frequent securing of profits, because men who make speculation a regular means of income do not often allow a profit an opportunity of eluding them. The periodic realisations have not been heavy, for the simple reason that the undertone of the markets is so strong that dealers do not care to be "out" of Stocks. Broadly speaking, all departments of the "House" have been subject to the same influence of quiet professional buying tempered by occasional profit realisations, though here and there local events have given colour to the daily dealings. When

prices slipped back the gossipmongers pointed to the Chinese rebellion as the cause; as a matter of fact the insurrection has had no traceable effect upon Stock Exchange sentiment, apart from Chinese bonds and a few purely local securities representing interests in the affected districts.

In the gilt-edged department Consols received some support from the Government broker armed with fresh orders on behalf of the Sinking Fund. When they had been executed the list became dull once more. Home Railways have had the benefit of a continuance of extremely satisfactory traffics. The result is that for several companies the effect of the strike upon gross earnings has been eliminated. The Midland, for the half-year to date, shows an increase of £20,000 as compared with the corresponding period a year ago; the London and North Western has a gain of £29,000, and the Great Northern a gain of £37,600, while the Great Central earnings are £11,700 up. The Great Eastern increase is £34,600, and the South Eastern and Chatham records a gain of £32,000 to date. A few heavy decreases remain, notably those of £78,818 for the North Eastern and £38,000 for the Great Western; but several other smaller decreases are sure to be converted into gains before the year is out. Stock Exchange interest has so far been devoted more particularly to the southern railway stocks, which are always more favoured than the "heavies" for speculation, but such stocks as Midland deferred and North Westerns have received some attention on the part of investors.

Wall Street remains subdued, owing to the obvious intention of the Government to bring the monopolists to their knees. The dissolution of the American Tobacco Company is not operating at all smoothly, as the officials at Washington do not intend to accept any half-measures in the carrying out of the Court's decrees. The Steel Corporation, it is said, has decided to abrogate its lease of the Great Northern Railroad's iron-ore lands. It is thought that the Steel Trust recognises that it made a bad bargain in its onerous contract to mine these ore lands, and that it is now very glad to take advantage of the alleged illegality of the contract in order to escape from it. Another rumour states that the Steel Trust is giving up its railroad interests, because it is accused of obtaining lower freight rates in inter-State traffic than its rivals.

Canadian Pacific stock remains firm, a gain of \$176,000 being shown in the last weekly traffic. The Grand Trunk traffic increase of £12,400 failed to satisfy some bull operators. In the Foreign Railway department less interest is now taken in Mexican Rails, but the traffic increase of \$46,300 for the second week of the current month attracted some attention. In spite of the increase now reported the company's gross earnings for the half-year so far show a decrease of \$176,800. Among Argentine rails the balance dividend of 2 per cent. announced by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, making 3½ per cent. for the year to June 30, free of income tax, has created a good impression; for 1909-10 3 per cent. was paid.

The Mining Markets have provided a few unsatisfactory features—notably the unexplained weakness of Tanganyikas—to break the monotony of the dullness. Rubbers keep quiet and Oils are inclined to fall back after their short revival. In the Miscellaneous section London General Omnibus stock maintains remarkable strength born of dividend expectations.

INSURANCE.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ONE of the most instructive reports of the current season was made by the directors of the Standard Life Assurance Company of Edinburgh. This Company ends its financial year on 15 November, but accounts are not presented until several months later, and in cases where a quinquennial investigation has taken place the shareholders and policyholders are kept in suspense until the following April or May. For this

reason the latest report still possesses the charm of freshness, although less than a month hence the Company will have completed another year's work. At the moment, indeed, the Standard Life makes a most interesting subject for study. Established in 1825, it remained prosperous for a long number of years, and for several quinquenniums in succession reversionary bonuses were declared at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum. In 1880 the available surplus amounted to £514,420, and £389,744 was distributed among the policyholders; in 1885 the respective amounts were £609,980 and £485,091, and in 1890 they were £673,661 and £558,882. Then there was a change for the worse. In 1895 the surplus only amounted to £537,784, and £464,339 was divided among the policyholders, who had to be content with bonuses at the rate of £1 per cent. per annum. On the next occasion, however, a surplus of £691,422 was announced, and the £642,933 apportioned to policies sufficed to allow of a distribution at a somewhat higher rate—namely 25s. per cent.

More stringent valuation methods were then seen to be necessary. The average rate of interest earned on the funds had decreased by several shillings per cent., and reliance was no longer placed on the English No. 1 mortality table employed in the actuarial calculations. At the investigation made in 1905 drastic reforms were introduced. The OM table was substituted for the English, the annuities were actually valued by the British OA (1893) tables, and future interest was assumed at a lower rate. As a result of these various changes the surplus almost disappeared, and the only bonuses received by policyholders were those which had been paid during the five years. Shareholders and policyholders were alike called upon to make a temporary sacrifice, but so inherently strong was the position of the Company that the directors did not hesitate to declare an interim bonus of £1 per cent. per annum.

The accounts recently presented prove how justifiable was their optimism. During the five years 1905-10 the Standard Life made an almost sensational recovery. Although the whole of the life assurance and life annuity business was valued on a 3 per cent. basis—3 and 3½ per cent. rates were employed on the previous occasion—the investigation resulted in the disclosure of by far the largest surplus in the history of the enterprise—namely £878,956, while the actual profit made by the Company during the quinquennium approximated to a million pounds. After carrying forward a sum of £43,464, the fund for division was £956,926. Of this the policyholders received £834,233, including £61,433 paid them as intermediate bonus.

An equal bonus at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum is not unsatisfactory, although it must be admitted to compare unfavourably with the higher bonuses paid by certain offices which have no shareholders to satisfy and are in a position to operate their business at a minimum of cost. In reality it is an excellent bonus. Owing to the Standard Life raising the bulk of its premium income in India, Canada, and other parts abroad, its expenses are necessarily increased to a very considerable extent. It is, in fact, an international life office, and cannot fairly be compared with offices which obtain the whole of their business at home. While policyholders lose through this extra expenditure, they gain in another way. On the millions held by the Company as a life assurance and annuity fund a very high rate of interest is earned, and only a comparatively small sum is paid for income-tax. Last year interest on the whole of the funds yielded £535,635, and the net rate earned was £4 5s. 8d. per cent. But few life offices to-day secure such a fine average return, and as the Standard's valuations are now made with 3 per cent. interest throughout, the next surplus declared ought to prove even greater than the present one, and possibly admit of an increased distribution to the holders of participating policies.

POT-POURRI.

WHO would a royal wine out-pour
In darkened or ignoble glass?

Let us be resolute to hoard
The minutes of a summer hour
In radiant unaccustomed urns,
Created of the very light
They were predestinate to hold.

And when the winter hours return
And we are desolate withal,
For faces at the emptied hearth
Are countenances of the dead,
Let us unseal with rev'rent haste
These urns of glory and of light
To breathe the secret fragrances
Of roses from forgotten bowers,
Of rivers whose remember'd banks
Are filled again with irises.

SANDYS WASON.

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF THE THEATRE.

By JOHN PALMER.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote of the fatal consequences to modern acting of taking too literally Hamlet's advice about the mirror. Similar consequences flow from the passion for unintelligent realism in the production as in the acting of plays. With a great number of modern plays it scarcely matters. A drawing room after Maple serves well enough as a background for dresses after Frou Frou, conversation after Lyons' Popular Café, and a story that jumps from the principal lady's bedroom, with a real horse-hair mattress, into a divorce court, thronging with life-like looking barristers in real horse-hair wigs. But when we come to plays where there is a sincere attempt at production as an art, it is time to ask with Astræa of "The Sentimentalists" whether it is not necessary to be above nature in order that we may not be below.

Sir Herbert Tree has done most to debase the public taste in the art of being real. At His Majesty's Theatre you are always sure of the very best thing in imitation—moonlight on running water, sunset in the orchard, warbling nightingales, Henry VIII. after Holbein with a real beard, organ music fit for a real church. Where it is possible you are actually provided with the real thing. Who can forget the live rabbits in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? There's a play, if you like, for realistic treatment! Titania falling in love with an ass being an ordinary everyday occurrence, the kind of thing that happens any evening of the week in S. John's Wood, it is only right to put Titania upon a bank of painted cowslips, beneath trees as real as they can be made to look. It adds so greatly to one's sense of illusion, and helps us to accept the fancies of the poet, so true to life. But I will not begin to write of Sir Herbert Tree. After all, Sir Herbert Tree is only more thorough than many another producer who would be only too glad to beat him, and even Sir Herbert cannot cope with the Americans. If what I hear of Mr. Belasco and the real Liszt MS. in a cabinet which the audience did not even see (it was there simply to impart "atmosphere"), Sir Herbert, touching the Americans, does but hold a candle to the sun.

"The art of the theatre as pure imitation", writes Dr. Alexander Hervei in the "Mask" for this quarter, "is nothing but an alarming demonstration of the abundance of life and the narrowness of art. . . . Art is not imitation but vision". Perhaps this is a little cryptic; but it indicates the line of revolt against realistic methods taken by the best continental producers. The art of production in England has practically been at a standstill since the days of Sir Henry Irving. Abroad it has been rapidly advancing, and Dr. Hervei is in the front rank. The sentences I have quoted are as good an epitome of the new ideals as

could be got into a brace of sentences. Production, in the hands of these men, it to be one of the arts, with conventions and material particular to itself. The importance of the movement is not in this or that theory of production held by the reformers. The important thing is that there is an increasing number of extremely gifted men who are beginning to insist that production shall not be left in the hands of second-rate painters, of costumiers, perruquiers and electricians. Production, in fact, is henceforth to be regarded as an art with a material and a technique of its own, whose resources are only just beginning to be discovered. The particular theories of Mr. Craig, of Dr. Hervei, of Direktor Stanislawski, of Professor Max Reinhardt are excellent proofs and first fruits of this activity. But the theories themselves are not so important as the indications they give of a sincere determination that production shall henceforth aim at being above nature that it may not be below—that henceforth production shall rank as one of the arts.

The new ideas will not be accepted in England without a struggle. We have here a new art in the making; and like every other art it will have to work within conventions. These conventions will be new to the ordinary playgoer, and there is nothing more abhorrent from the literal mind than the conventions of art. Only when people have become so used to these conventions that they do not realise they are there will they be induced to accept them. The best way to make a new "artist" popular is to describe him as an iconoclast, destroying the conventions of his predecessors, and reaching out towards nature and freedom. You only have to point out for a sufficiently long time that he has dared to disregard some convention which was formerly accepted, and ultimately he will be acclaimed by the vulgar as being nearer to "nature" than the greatest of his forerunners. For instance, it is still absurdly held by hosts of people who accept Wagner to-day that he is nearer to nature than Mozart because the personages of his dramas do not periodically interrupt the story to come down to the footlights and in carefully formal groups to sing duettos and quartettes. But Wagner's importance, and the importance of every great "reforming" artist, was not that he abolished a convention or two, or that he wrote several volumes of rubbish on the theory and meaning of his pilgrimage. He was great and important simply because he wrote great music. It was the same with the French "romantics". They were not great because they broke away from a few conventions of the classic writers, but because they were the first body of men who had great ideas and abundant genius since men of genius had written in the classic form. They were no nearer nature than were Racine or Corneille, any more than Wagner was nearer nature than Mozart. It is just this elementary truth as to the conventions of art which the literal man will not accept. This is beautifully illustrated by an objection which has appeared almost everywhere against a portion of the Harem scene in "Sumurun" as it is at present staged at the Savoy. Nur-al-Din, behind a coffer, is supposed to be entirely hidden from the Sheik. Actually, of course, he is not hidden at all. The Sheik stares repeatedly through him. Solemn objection was taken to this by more than one critic, and will again be taken by ninety per cent. of every audience that sees it. The convention is that Nur-al-Din is hidden. But this is too much for the literal man. It is not "natural".

A most tempting theme for an article on the art of production is a comparison of "Sumurun" with "Kismet". "Sumurun" is a first fruit of the new style. "Kismet" has no apparent connexion with new ideas. Both aim at recovering the atmosphere of Bagdad in the days of Haroun-al-raschid. Here, then, we should expect to find in "Sumurun" an example, in "Kismet" a warning. "Sumurun" should be all that is progressive and uplifting. "Kismet" should be all that is retrograde and vicious. But, alas! for those who expect everything to follow as the night the day! The comparison is instructive;

but it is not altogether on one side. "Kismet" is as much better than its theory as Ruskin's sense of art was above his artistic formulæ. The disciples of Mr. Craig might urge perhaps that Mr. Harker in conceiving his Bazaar of the Tailors, and his Street before the Mosque of the Carpenters, stark, bold, and simple in line and colour, was unconsciously influenced by the growing determination to be done with unintelligent imitation of the "natural". Let the men of theory decide it for themselves. A plague on both your theories! Roughly a comparison of the two productions would have to run on the broad lines that "Sumurun" is a work of art, conventional and selective in design and material, whereas "Kismet" is more the result of a conscious attempt to be accurate in portraying the life of the East. There is, despite the real beauty of one or two of its scenes and the extraordinary skill of its stage-management, no scene or grouping in "Kismet" to be remembered for itself alone. One's emotion in looking upon the lively confusion of the Bazaar is in quality precisely what one feels in looking upon any crowd whose life is foreign to one's knowledge. It is life fortuitously presented; we look eagerly from group to group with precisely the amused, eager, wistful and puzzled interest roused in us by the contemplation of an actual crowd in the street. There is nothing in all this comparable in quality to the brief passage of the silent people of "Sumurun" in the famous procession to the palace of the Sheik. The Bazaar of the Tailors is the mirror up to nature; not above nature, and therefore below. The other has to be judged on its merits as a work of art. "Kismet" is the result of the collaboration of skilled artificers under a producer whose right feeling always places his productions above the common run. But "Sumurun" is a poet's dream conceived in what is virtually a new art-form of the theatre.

THE FEAR AND THE LOVE OF LIFE.

By FILSON YOUNG.

ANYONE who is really interested in life (and who understands French) should go to the Université des Lettres Françaises at the Marble Arch House on Thursday afternoons at three o'clock, when M. Maximilien Bellivier is giving a series of causeries on "The Art of Life". His first four causeries deal with the fear of life; cowardice in joy, in sorrow, in love, and in duty; indifference to life, and ugliness in life. The remainder deal with the love of life, the joy of life, courage in suffering and in joy, the necessity for faith, and the beauty of life generally.

In other words, you see, M. Bellivier is himself not lacking in what he would call "courage devant le devoir et le bonheur"; because the titles of these causeries are nearly all hackneyed tags of platitude, cheapened and degraded by being continually on the lips of every penny philosopher. It needs some courage to get up, Thursday after Thursday, and talk about such a simple thing as life. It is the thing about which all of us know, or ought to know, more than we know about anything else; but I would much rather give a causerie on, say, the navigation of Baffin's Bay, where I have never been, than on this familiar business of life, which occupies all my waking and sleeping hours. It is perhaps only a Frenchman like M. Bellivier, who has himself lived a very remarkable life full of various effort and adventure, and full of work and thought also, who can deal with such a subject with that lightness of touch and reality of substance which in combination are the despair of the Englishman. I do not think that M. Bellivier uses any platitudes; but I am not quite sure. All I can be sure of is that he makes an hour pass very delightfully. As he himself said, he is not a conferencier, but a causeur. He stands in front of his audience quite simply, looking from one to another of them, and speaks the thoughts that come into his head about his subject. If he employs any platitudes they are expressed so simply and naturally, and with that enthusiasm for form and study of manner which makes French speech on a serious

subject so pleasant, that one does not recognise them. Platitudes, indeed, are a kind of truth of which some of us have such a fear that we grow unfamiliar with them, and it is a good thing occasionally to be reminded of them. "La noblesse du travail", for example, on which M. Bellivier is to talk on 23 November. Since Carlyle's time most Englishmen have taken for granted that work is noble in itself; but how many of us really think out the question as to what it is that is noble in work, and whether it is what we do that matters, or how we do it; whether it is the thing accomplished that is noble, or its effect upon ourselves? The art of life, the joy of life—these are phrases constantly on the lips of the dyspeptic, who in some vague way feels that he is misusing his opportunities; that life is passing, and that if it is unpleasant then everything is lost, since there is nothing else but life, finite or infinite; but how often does the dyspeptic, or how often do any of us, really examine the life that is assailing us, to discover whether it is a thing that must be hated and feared, or a thing that may be loved?

Certainly the fear of life is a disease more common than we imagine. It accounts for almost every moment of real unhappiness that we endure. I may be uncomfortable or in pain; I cannot help that; but if I am unhappy it is because I am afraid—perhaps afraid that more pain and discomfort are coming to me. In other words, unhappiness is simply a form of the fear of life. There are many things in life that should make one grave and sober, many things that should make one melancholy, and fill one with terribly sombre thoughts; but it is possible to endure all these things without being afraid or unhappy. M. Bellivier at his first causerie spoke of the child who, instead of filling his fair sheet of paper with the mathematical problems he is supposed to be studying, draws upon it an Indian with a tomahawk. The joy of life has been too much for him. The Indian with the tomahawk represents a joyful imagination which bubbles up in the child and swamps the sense of duty. It is a very natural occurrence; and it is usually followed by correction or punishment in some form. But M. Bellivier suggested that in administering such punishments people made a great mistake, since they were sowing perhaps the first seeds of the fear of life in that childish conscience. It is certainly a thing which, if we once become inoculated with in our youth, will never quite desert us. Most of us remember the moment when as children we first made the discovery, generally through some sign of weakness in our parents, that all was not perfectly well with the world; that there were other powers greater than the parental powers, that there were possibilities of pain and terror all about us. If only at the moment when a child makes this discovery he could be wisely reassured, and taught to despise rather than to fear the unknown terrors, how much unhappiness might he not be saved in after life!

There is but one antidote for this fear, and that is conscious love of life. I would rather praise the love of life than the joy of life; because joy is an accident, and love is a virtue; and joy is not always within the reach of every person or of every temperament; while love is. It is always possible to love one's life, to love it terribly, perhaps, to love it even when it hurts, to love all the sensations of it, whether of pain or pleasure, and to realise that the more one suffers or enjoys, the greater share of life itself one is receiving. The gods flatter us with life; we cannot prolong our days, but we can increase and intensify them with sensation; and when we are old, if we have sorrowed much, we can say that we have lived much. The unfortunate or the unprosperous cannot make a success of life; but they can at least make a brave adventure of it; and the true adventurer, who is careless and prodigal of life, really loves it better than the eminent and successful grocer who is a niggard and miser of it. Time and space are finite for all mortals; it is only in the sensation and exercise of the spirit that we can discover a dimension which is almost illimitable. And if we can translate material misfortunes into spiritual adventures, and understand that they are a widening of our vital experience, we need

not find it hard to endure them. It is a very simple philosophy, this; but I do not know any unhappy person who could not be made happier if he or she could be persuaded to love life, and to love every minute of it. Love of life abolishes boredom, which is one of the most contemptible forms of the fear of life; and it may substitute something very like pleasure for pain. M. Bellivier did not say this, but I hope he will say it, or something like it, before he has finished. For my part, lacking his lightness of touch, I must not be tempted into the fault of talking about so grave a subject, about which I am too deeply interested to be interesting. Instead, I will repeat my advice to the people who are really interested in life—and they are not such a very great number—to go and hear M. Bellivier for themselves.

THE SALON D'AUTOMNE.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE Salon d'Automne is the connecting link between the Salon de la Société Nationale and the Salon des Indépendants, but it is much nearer the Independents, although a number of the sociétaires of the Société Nationale appear also on the lists of the Salon d'Automne. It was founded in 1903, and for its beginnings made a terrible display of frightening things, but it soon mended and gradually assumed quite a respectable appearance. I have often defended it against indiscriminating criticisms.

This year it has had a dreadful relapse, and in spite of a good feature or two I consider it a decidedly immoral exhibition which Plato certainly would not have suffered in his Republic. I do not mean that the pictures are indecent, though there is invariably a tendency in that direction. I do not even mean that they are ugly—which would be as bad a vice—for painters have ceased to cultivate ugliness. I mean that they are a colossal practical joke, and a bewilderment for nine in ten visitors, which is immoral. A Salon organised with official patronage or only put up in a national building ceases to be a purely individual enterprise with a more or less commercial object, it is supposed to be a lesson for the public taste, an effort to raise popular aesthetics. I would not object to an inferior exhibition if everybody had the advantage—which I have had myself—of meeting in the rooms a strong body of twenty-one official guides commissioned to tell them that most of what they see is trash, but it is not the case. As a rule the visitor is left to face by himself some fifteen hundred pictures which he cannot bring himself to suppose entirely devoid of merit and in which however he sees absolutely nothing. The few artistic ideas he may have imbibed at the Louvre immediately become dim in his mind. All his intellectual equipment suffers in consequence. He goes home thinking that the world is too much for him and inclined to submit respectfully to the Chamber of Deputies, to the tax-collector, to his doctor, to his cook, and to all the other mysteries.

Nothing is so irritating as having everlastingly to revert to the starting-point of what is called modern art. It seems as if two minutes' consideration given to it ought to be enough, but it is never enough. Yet the whole thing lies in a nutshell. Let us suppose for convenience' sake that all the painters who exhibit in the Salon d'Automne are geniuses, men with deep subtle notions of art, consummate artisans. The whole question remains: is a work of art entirely self-contained or ought it to have reference to what it purports to represent? Is it the business of a portrait-painter first of all to reproduce the face and expression—oh! great la Tour!—of his model, or is he warranted in merely taking occasion from it to arrange profound combinations of yellows and greens on a piece of canvas? But enough of this tiresome reconsideration of things as evident as the mid-day sun.

The Impressionists of to-day no longer take us in. They might possibly do so if we had not had some talk

already with the Impressionists of yesterday. Monet and Sisley told us: you imagine that you see the grass in the sunshine green, but it is in reality yellow, as the thing you imagine to be a large bird in the sky is only a tiny flaw in the pane; and after some reflection we believed them. They added: "The only way for us painters to give something like the vibration of real atmosphere to our pictures is to juxtapose our tones and banish black from our shades"; and after a few months' or a few years' apprenticeship we saw what they meant and we loved their work.

But what does M. Henri Matisse mean? Let him explain, let him give us fifteen clear little words on Art, and we shall revere him as another Reynolds. But he will not, and the lamentable critics who vaticinate over him will not either; they will only go on for ever dissolving platitudes about "new aspirations" in execrable French. The literature concerning an art is the reflection of that art, and the Salon d'Automne can only boast very poor Huysmanses. What one hears before the pictures is nothing but the shibboleths invented by pretentious impotency.

I hinted above that I have had the good fortune to hear something better from authorised persons. In fact I have often had the luck to meet the official judges at the various salons, and I knew what was going on the other day when I heard a sharp rapping on a picture frame in a room some distance from where I stood, and immediately afterwards the auctioneer-like query in a loud voice: "Qu'est-ce qu'en veut?" As usual, the score of experts must be doing something more amusing than attending to their business, for the voice began to scold: "Allons, les sculpteurs! vous causez tout le temps. Il vaudrait mieux s'en aller. Qu'est-ce qu'en veut?" The hands or the walking sticks went up slowly, listlessly, an occasional straggler voting with a touch of bewilderment when he found that the others were at work. I followed the areopage through a few rooms. It was very unruly, and the rapping stick and the scolding voice were constantly heard. At last, the president exclaiming: "Voulez-vous voter oui ou non?", one bold jurymen replied: "Montrez-nous de bonnes choses, nous voterons."

Good jurymen! My soul went out to him. Yes, show us decent things and we shall look at them, and admire them, and write them up to the best of our little powers; but till you do we shall remain as unconvinced as your own judges chosen from amongst yourselves.

I have made a careful study of the catalogue of the Salon. It is a tedious work, but it pays. I have noticed that a great many painters of distinction appear among its nominal members: Mademoiselle Dufau, MM. Eliot, Guirand de Scévola, P. A. Laurens, Willette, Boutet de Monvel, Bracquemond, Bunny, Forain, Denis, Hochard, Raffaelli etc., but they exhibit only at the Société Nationale. Others who also exhibit at the same Salon send a few things to the Salon d'Automne. I will mention MM. Déziré, Chigot, Desvallières, and Mr. Lavery, the last two far superior to their companions, but far inferior to themselves. Mr. Lavery hangs a gorgeous portrait of two ladies opposite one in his usual sober style which has very much the look of a freak.

It also appears from the catalogue that quite six in ten exhibitors are not French even when they append the adjective to disquieting names. They are Russians, Tcheks, Armenians and Germans, with a sprinkle of Americans and English, who I must say are the least extravagant. Oriental wildness displays itself at ease, and although the original idea of the Salon d'Automne is native, the adherents it makes are not. True French art is seen at the Société Nationale, whose success shows that official encouragement is not necessary for the development of talent, but common good sense and a sufficient gift are.

The Salon d'Automne has one good characteristic which I hope it has not borrowed from Munich: it has a decorative tendency, and the word is the shibboleth of the present year: you hear nothing else in the rooms:

"Très décoratif!" This means that a fair proportion of the best artists here think while painting of the place where the picture will be likely to hang, and even some associate with an upholsterer, a sculptor, and an architect to produce a whole room as they conceive it. M. Jaulmes and M. Francis Jourdain are remarkable among a dozen others, but the latter's dining-room is so much in keeping with the something acid in his painting that it looks icy cold. M. d'Espagnat, the best known of the real Salon d'Automne devotees, also shows the decorative tendency in exhibiting a dainty blue screen.

If I add that the fashion among the artists at this Salon seems to be to abandon their former excessive brightness to seek softer pastel-like effects, I shall have said everything, but I like the bright effects best. M. Seyssaud, Mme. Agutte, M. Fornerod are no mean artists. An American, Mr. Horton, paints deep transparent snowy landscapes with an admixture of accuracy and emotion rare everywhere, and would well deserve a special study.

Two celebrated sculptors exhibit here, and I am sorry for them for various reasons. M. José de Charmoy, the author of the striking monument to Baudelaire in the Cimetière Montparnasse, is distinctly unsuccessful in his four Genii for a monument to Beethoven. Those figures with distracted or stupefied men's faces, women's bodies, Persian cherubim's wings, and the appearance of having been crushed from the very first under the stones they bear, do not suggest anything except the literary idea that Beethoven's genius is overwhelming, and that, from the sculptural point of view, means failure. The other sculptor is Jean Baffier, represented by some of his quaint—not his strong—pieces. Some of his most attractive market-women in brass and pewter are here, and it matters little whether they are seen at one exhibition or another. But it is a great shame that such a man should be exiled from the Société Nationale where he held an exceptional place for petty political reasons—the tail of the Dreyfus Affair—or perhaps by his own wounded pride. He seems a perfect stranger in these curious surroundings and it is good for nobody to be transplanted from one's native soil.

IMMORTALITY.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

HE stopped his oxen, with a prolonged low cry, and standing just in front of them with one hand on the yoke, the other resting on his goad, which he held like a spear stuck upright in the ground, he said, after due compliments, as people say when they translate an Eastern letter, "I see you are looking at it".

The object that I saw was a strange building, something like a Moorish saint's tomb, but with a burnished copper roof, reflecting back the sun. It stood out, garish and vulgar, just beyond the old brown walls of a Castilian town, built on the slopes of a gaunt sierra, at whose feet ran one of those deep greenish rivers only seen in Spain. A mediæval palace of warm, yellow stone, the tower of the collegiate church, the strange and burnt-up country stretching almost to the walls without a suburb intervening, or a stray villa dotted here and there to break the sea of brown, rendered the building still more paltry in its meretriciousness. Lighting a cigarette slowly and painfully with a flint and steel, the bullock-driver, leaning against the yoke of his great tawny oxen, said: "Yes, what you see there we call the 'mushroom tomb'." A lady built it as you see it now, one of those modernists, who go about in motor-cars, frightening the oxen and killing all our dogs. Now it is finished she does not like it, and, I hear, is going to pull it down, as she has done two others that she built. She goes on building tombs, as if one tomb was not enough to be forgotten by, as other folk build houses. Fools build a house, they say, for other men to live in, and so perhaps the Countess may build her tomb not for herself, for she may die at sea or in some foreign place."

I thanked him, and he, after accepting a cigar,

which he proceeded to cut up for cigarettes, cutting it on his hand with a clasp knife a foot in length that opened with a series of clicks, gravely saluted me, stuck his goad into the near ox, in the loose skin upon its neck, and with a drawn-out "Anda-a-a", set out again towards the town. I walked towards the tomb, and saw that it was empty, unfinished, and half-plastered, and that above the door there was a monstrous coat of arms, just underneath the cross. It stood in a flat waste of gravel, which had been carted from the river, and was already disappearing in the cracked, thirsty ground. Looking more closely, I found what I had thought was copper on the roof was really glass. Large tiles of orange glass, laid overlapping, like planks in a boat built clinkerwise. Half-finished stones lay here and there, with broken wheelbarrows and bent and rusty picks. The monstrous building stood upon the plain, alone, ridiculous, and yet pathetic in its ugliness, and in the evident intent of her who built it to leave some recollection of herself when she was gone, in the same way some people build a church, taking no heed of any congregation, whilst others give a lifeboat to some far inland town. No one has yet set up a lighthouse in a desert, but we still live in hope.

Years passed, and I forgot the "mushroom tomb", the old Castilian town with its harsh Moorish name, the sierra, and the river, edged with willows, looking like a thin green ribbon dropped in the dusty plain. Madrid, from the mere village of my youth, with its ill-paved and tortuous streets, set here and there with convents, and broken here and there with rambling palaces roofed with brown tiles, almost by accident became a modern town. Seville went at a bound from a great, silent Moorish city, where no one but a gipsy or a beggar walked in the streets by day, to a tourist centre, with paltry little shops full of cheap fans and tambourines, on which were set forth views of the Giralda, gipsies with eyes as big as oysters, and heads of bull-fighters. Cheap castagnettes, made of unseasoned wood and warranted to crack the first time they were used, with raw-looking guitars and tinselled-handled knives all made in Birmingham or Lille, but duly lettered with inscriptions such as "Do not draw me without cause or sheathe me without honour" were hawked about the streets by turnpike bull-fighters who never faced a bull. Tramways ran through the narrow Calle de Genova that leads to the Cathedral, and bands of tourists haunted the cafés and the dancing-halls, urging the gipsy dancers to fresh incencies, unknown to them in unsophisticated days.

Bilbao and Barcelona had become great hives of industry, the latter having developed into a Manchester or Birmingham with great tree-planted streets and a new suburb stretching out towards the hills. The walls had been demolished, and the old quays just underneath them, where once the fruit schooners lay, painted light green or white, with tapering masts and spars, and with a figure-head of Flora, or Pomona, carved and gilt, had turned to docks, from which great liners took away their droves of emigrants. Places remote as Ronda had blossomed forth with great hotels, with liveried touts standing about their doors, and speaking every language, without the smallest notion of its grammar or its form. In fact, progress had come to the more frequented parts of Spain. People in them no longer spoke of any foreigner as "El Francés", and prices, which of course keep step with progress, had risen mightily. In fact, an air of skin-deep Europeanisation had come upon the land, obscuring almost all the national virtues, in the favoured spots where it prevailed, and bringing out all that was worst in Spanish character.

Business or pleasure, or something of the sort, took me once more to Guadalcázar to find the scene unchanged. When the slow, rumbling train had drawn up at the little station sweltering in the sun, two or three red and yellow omnibuses, drawn by thin mules or white, apocalyptic horses, harnessed with rope, and

having nearly every one an open sore upon some part of him, described by Spanish drivers as a "flor", waited to rattle one, up the steep, stony road. Whips cracked, bells jingled, and the thin windows rattled with a noise like thunder, whilst the rough, wooden box on wheels bounded and skated on the stones. People, who must have seen it every day for years, turned out to watch it pass, in the same way they thronged the railway station every night to watch the arrival of the train from Barcelona to Madrid. Girls waved their handkerchiefs and men shouted "Adios Pepe" to the driver as if he had been setting out upon a journey of a hundred miles.

At last, battered and sore with the long twenty minutes struggling not to be thrown against the roof, the instrument of torture stopped with a jerk outside the doorway, where sat the owner of the inn. Nothing proclaimed his status, except an air of great detachment, which seemed to indicate he was a stranger in the town. He sat, with a chair tilted up against the wall, smoking one of those oily, black cigars called "Brevas", which only Spaniards of his class can smoke and not expire at the last puff. His spotless shirt was open at the neck, and his broad face, close shaved and blue, gave him a look as of a bull-fighter, who had made money and retired. I was the only passenger, and one might have thought he would have welcomed me; but beyond a grave answer to my salutation, nothing was farther from his mind. He thought there was a room, and was just making up his mind to call to somebody to show me to it, when looking at me he said, "I think I have the honour. Were you not here ten or twelve years ago?"

A ragged boy having taken up my bag to a bare room which seemed never to have been swept since my last visit to the place, I threw the window open, and sitting down looked out upon a grassy, half-deserted square. A feeling as of having been marooned on some lone island crept on me as I watched two horses playing on the grass. No one regarded them as they chased one another up and down. At times a cat stole timidly across a street, just as a tiger steals across a forest glade, as stealthily and with an air as far detached from man. At last even the horses ceased their play and stood hanging their heads under a scanty-foliaged tree. Nothing was stirring in the town, and the hot open space was given over to the crickets, whose shrill chirp sounded so loud that one forgot a silence as of death hung over everything. Later on, as the breeze coming from the hills recalled the town to life, I strolled out on to the hot road, bordered on each side with heat-dried, ill-grown acacias, and followed it outside the town to where I now remembered that the "mushroom tomb" had stood.

Looking towards the place, I rubbed my eyes, for certainly a building occupied the place, but changed indeed, from the domed cupola, crowned with its yellow glass. Gone were the walls with their raised Moorish tracery; gone were the dazzling tiles, and in their place a Gothic structure with flying buttresses and gimcrack pinnacles stood, white and glittering, a newer and a more foolish mushroom than the last. The gravelly waste, still stretched around it, and the same litter of a stone-mason's yard, the picks and shovels, wheelbarrows, and chips of stone, were strewn about the walls. Only the coat of arms, but now grown rather weather-beaten, was let into a niche above the door. The arid plain scorching and sweltering in the sun, the old embattlemented town, the river winding between its poplars, and the giant sierra, towering beyond the walls, gave the fantastic tomb a look as of a travelling circus, playing in some old Roman amphitheatre. A shepherd stood immovable and brown, and looking like a trunk of an old tree, as he leant on his stick, guarding a flock of brown-woolled sheep, who searched amongst the stones for any herbage that had escaped the drought. When they strayed out of bounds he cracked his sling, unwinding it from where he wore it over his red sash, and they, knowing a shower of stones would follow if they disobeyed, put up their heads, then turned and

fed towards him as he stood like a landmark on the plain. Unchanging and unchanged he stood, just as his forefathers must have looked, brown-cloaked and sun-tanned at the reconquest from the Moors.

Nothing but a poor wooden cross would mark his burial-place; a wooden cross, that in a year or two would rot and fall; nothing but a brown post he looked, standing so silently, with all his flock, now feeding quietly, around him, and well within the distance of a sling's cast of a stone. His great, brown dog, with its spiked collar round its neck, slept at his feet, changing position when he moved, to keep itself within the shade its master's figure made upon the sand. The red-roofed town, wild sierra, and the shepherd with his sling, his angarina, knotted quince-tree staff, his gnarled brown hands, rough hempen sandals, his sheep-skin jacket, and his clear-cut features, shaded by a broad hat, such as was worn in Thessaly when the world was young, and men and gods so near to one another that goddesses came down and left Olympus, finding the love of men more satisfying than the serene embraces of their kind, all formed a picture of that Spain, now so fast passing.

Penelope may build her tomb, as she waits for the coming of her lord, he of the hour-glass and the scythe. Let her build on, the only lasting traces of a man's passage through the world are those that the brown, sling-girt figure that I saw standing in the middle distance, cast upon the sand.

LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN.

A MYSTERIOUS CAVE—VI.

(Concluded.)

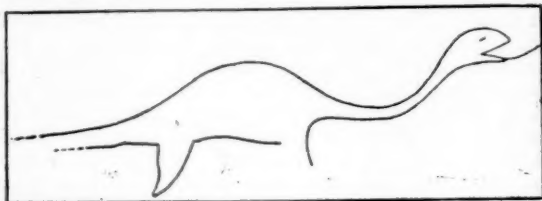
BY WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

BEFORE writing about the weird objects and fear-some beasts which these cave-dwellers drew with such skill amid their unquestionably accurate pictures of horses, cows, deer, and goat-like animals, I wish to disclaim any belief that they had actually seen them. That they did draw them is evidenced by what can be seen on the walls to this day, but whether they intended them for what they seem most to resemble is purely a matter for conjecture.

In the caves in Northern Spain and South-western France, where such wonderful coloured drawings made by pre-historic races have of late years been discovered, there are excellent representations of elephants or mammoths. We came on none of these, but we did come across a drawing of an extraordinary elephant-like beast with a long neck like a horse's, and with an elephant's or tapir's head and trunk, the latter recurved, first upwards and outwards and then downwards and inwards towards the breast. No tusks were shown and their absence, together with the general effect of the drawing, made it resemble in some degree the popular pictures of a *Dinotherium*. A curious feature in this drawing was the rendering of the hind-quarters and limbs, which gave the impression of the rear-portion of some amphibious animal, such as a walrus or seal, whereas the forequarters, shoulders and fore-legs, so far as they were shown, were more those of a land beast. Some of the drawings of horses already described bore a marked resemblance to the pictures of the four-toed horse of Eocene days. The abnormal length of body, and the exaggerated upper lip, combined with the giraffe or zebra-like markings, all tended to give this impression. The next drawing which offered much food for speculation was in the large picture in the "Gallery" or natural tunnel, and close to that of the woman and reindeer. This was of a creature of relatively large proportions, since it measured over twelve feet, whereas a horse close to it only covered eighteen inches of the wall.

The accompanying sketch will give some idea of this remarkable drawing; its general likeness to one of the great pre-historic aquatic reptiles or Plesiosaurs was so striking as to call forth remarks from all who saw it. The head and neck were about three feet six inches in

length, the body about three feet, and the tail, much of which was obliterated, seemed to be about six more. The head, neck and tongue were very clear, not so the eye; the front limb was only indicated by a single line as shown, the rock immediately in rear of it having apparently flaked away. The curve of the back and the hind limb or flipper were drawn with great decision and clearness. Apparently it was meant to represent some big amphibian.



We are told that these huge Plesiosaurs passed away from the face of our earth during the Mesozoic period. Certain it is that their remains were only discovered by Cuvier less than a hundred years ago, hence it is an interesting problem how these cave-dwelling artists got their ideas of a shape and form so unlike that of any known creature they could possibly have seen. The generally accepted theory that human fancy created such monsters as flying dragons would at any rate equally apply to this creation of the cave men!

I have already described the scorpion-like insect with five pairs of legs. This could, of course, be referred to any of the ten-footed Crustaceans which are to be met with in the present day. But in the cramped little cave where we saw the long, headless snake, there was a drawing of a prawn-like thing, about nine inches long, with a jointed body and antennæ or limbs, six inches in length, issuing from its head. I made a careful sketch of this; its general appearance is most suggestive of the front portion of a trilobite, which is among the earliest forms of life in the Cambrian rocks of the Palæozoic period. But this particular creature was even more suggestive of one of the sea-scorpions of the Silurian age, and especially of one figured under the name of *Stylonurus* by Hutchinson, which existed until late in the carboniferous period.

Another wall-drawing, the only one of its type we saw, was suggestive of "stone-lilies" or encrinites, and consisted of two front views of star-fish pattern and one side or "tassel" view (the latter very indistinct). A number of long, sinuous stalks, like reeds or grasses bending to the wind, were shown, one of the "lilies" being attached to a well-defined stalk.

We are told by geologists that encrinites or stalked star-fish occurred in the Cambrian rocks, and were abundant in the carboniferous rocks. Such vast antiquity of course dispels all ideas that any race of men could ever have set eyes on either sea-scorpion or stone-lily. The question which thus presents itself is: What did the drawings represent?

Here I would venture on a daring suggestion which in default of a better or more scientific one I give for what it is worth.

Inasmuch as the fossilised impressions of trilobites and sea-scorpions as well as those of the "stone-lilies" or encrinites are found abundantly in the carboniferous limestone, is it not within the bounds of possibility that the primitive race who dwelt in the recesses of these great caverns in the mountains of South-West Andalusia may have seen such fossils and have endeavoured to make drawings of them? I am quite aware that not a few will deride the whole thing and rest convinced that these counterfeit presentments of "trilobites" and "sea-scorpions" are merely gigantic prawns and aggressive lobsters, whilst the "stone-lilies" or "star-fish" are obviously the common or garden marigold. Be it so. But if they want to see fair representations of some of the drawings we found, I would refer them to Professor Ray Lankester's "Extinct Animals", and especially to figures 207, 208 and 214, also to Hutchinson's earlier work. With regard to the elephant-tapir, *Dinotherium*

or "Plesiosaurus", I have nothing to urge, beyond that these cave pygmies, assuming them to be the artists, must have had most remarkable imagination.

We had been over four hours in the depths of the cavern when we were compelled to discontinue the fascinating research and commence our return journey to the surface. Once again we had the intensely disagreeable, bordering upon the alarming, experience of missing our way, and it was not the more re-assuring when we realised that our local guide had completely lost all idea how to get out of the cave, and, having done so, proceeded as promptly to lose his head. After he had led us up steep crags on the sides of several lofty caverns in order to reach small caves which he hoped would somehow or other take us out, we realised that his one fixed idea was always to go upward on the chance of finding an exit. We thereupon disrated him, and taking charge ourselves we were fortunate in hitting upon the way out after a somewhat unpleasant scramble. All's well that ends well, but I then and there determined upon adopting some systematic plan to mark our return journey on the next occasion that I visited this or any other cave.

Of the very few fragments of bones found on this visit Dr. Keith wrote to me that the most important were those of "the right humerus of a remarkably small person (female probably), pygmy size; equal to Bushman in stature, also the thigh-bone of a man, stout, height of individual about five feet two inches to five feet four inches. The mammalian bones were those of a small-sized ox".

From the British Museum Dr. Kenyon wrote that "the wall paintings hitherto known of the same class are regarded as being palæolithic, whilst the pottery resembles some we have from the South-east of Spain dating from the late Neolithic or Early Bronze period. The natural conclusion would be that the pottery belongs to a period of re-occupation of the cave, long after the age of the wall-paintings".

Since this exploration of the upper cave I have revisited both it and the lower branch and made the sketch of the so-called amphibian which I give with this account. The most important "finds" during our latest expeditions were some more remains of the same individual pygmy whose bones we discovered last year. These are now engaging the attention of the Royal College of Surgeons.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG DON.

DEAR AUGUSTUS,

You tell me that you are about to adopt the career of a University Reformer. I am delighted to hear it; it is indeed a respectable calling. More than that, it is fashionable: the innovators of to-day are in no danger of persecution for the advanced nature of their opinions: a profound thinker has said (I believe, in the "Oxbridge Magazine") that we are All Reformers Now—and the pillory and the stake are reserved for the recalcitrant and obscurantist minority which still retains its respect for antiquated traditions. I do not say that you will always tread the primrose path. Much has been accomplished: the beneficent toil of pioneers has done its best to minimise the hurtful influence which the colleges have systematically exercised upon the University of Oxbridge; the useless study of fortunately defunct languages has been definitely discouraged; and the friends of female suffrage have struck an effectual blow at the academic supremacy of men: but let no one persuade you that the day of small things has begun, and that where your predecessors would eradicate, a necessarily narrowed range of existing institutions permits you only to tinker. Far, far from it! The crown of completion has still to be set upon the imperfect work. Your elders have opened the gates of Oxbridge to the Worker: let it be yours to drag him in—the greater his reluctance the nobler will be your triumph—by the hair of his head. They have admitted Woman to the government of the University: it is your pleasing task to seat her

in the far more inaccessible stronghold of the Combination Room. They have enunciated the great democratic principle that none but Reformers deserve the academic franchise: it is for you to carry that theory into effect. They have discouraged Greek: let it be yours to abolish Latin! These, Augustus, are your tasks: and in the accomplishment of these you will be supported, I do not say only by your approving conscience (though even that is something), but by the satisfaction—the purest allotted to man—of shouting with the largest crowd.

But while I encourage you to persevere in the task which you have chosen, I would not have you mistake me. The End admits of no dispute: but there may still be a doubt about the Means: and while I urge you to reform the University, do not suppose that I advise you to become for that purpose a member of the Academic Council. When Wordsworth, or one of his imitators, asked the well-known, if often misquoted question

"Who is the Happy Pedant? who is he
That every Babe in Arms would wish to be?"

I cannot think that the poet attributed this ideal happiness to those luckless legislators who toil day and night to produce schemes of reasonable reform which are meant to satisfy all and end by contenting none: which are abused by Radicals as half-hearted tinkering, and denounced by Conservatives as the Beginning of the End. Join that unhappy band, and you will spend fine afternoons at Boards and Committees: you will have to speak in public—and no Don can speak more than once without risking his reputation: when you have evolved a plan which you fondly call statesmanlike, you will be told by the Peagreen Incorruptibles of the evening Press that Oxbridge's last hope of reform is gone: and when that Commission comes which all your opportunism has failed to avert, it will be your lot to go first to the guillotine! *Μηδὲν ἄγαν* (you still, I believe, understand Greek): I would not have you an Academic Councillor. Such a calling is incompatible with the choice of that line of least resistance which alone can lead to true success.

Why not, then, be an anonymous reformer, contributing attacks on academic institutions to the daily Press? Much, indeed, is to be said for that. You, Augustus, have the high qualification of ignorance: your pen is, I understand, fluent, and your essays on such subjects (remote from the narrow realm of verifiable fact) as The Relation of Irrational Aspects of Mentality to the Objective Ego have, I am informed, been justly praised by your tutor. Nor can it be alleged that your task will involve you in any toilsome hours of actual assistance in the task of legislation. You will be, theoretically, unidentified: you will not be called upon to assist in the deliberations which may have been stimulated by your vigorous pen: and while those whom you have terrorised into an unwilling activity are doing their best to give you a part of that moon for which you have cried in the morning and evening papers, you will be playing golf. This may truly be described as a soft job: and as such, it is a course of action which deserves your consideration. Yet I hardly know whether I should advise you to embark upon it. You will have the satisfaction of alarming timorous persons: but I doubt whether, apart from the proceeds of your pen, you will have any other satisfaction. It is seldom worth while to give general offence—except indeed to professed Conservatives, whose opinion does not count. Anonymous reformers have rarely a permanent popularity: one day you will stand revealed, but not respected: civilised warfare makes short work of the franc-tireur. On the whole I would rather advise you to be candid, open, and above-board. Conceal nothing: have a professed principle which, while it commands the respect not only of thinking men but of a majority in the House of Commons, will save you the trouble of thought; and vote for every change, so long as it is labelled Liberal. Do not suppose that this will entail any troublesome exertion: Oxbridge is eminently

a place where you can be an esprit fort on the cheap. Do you remember that passage in the "Birds" of Aristophanes where Euelpides is compared *εὐέλπειν χηνὶ συγγεγραμμένῳ*? Behave as I would counsel you, and you, Augustus, will be that goose—you will be that combination of picturesqueness with economy of labour. In Parliament, members must go on voting all through the progress of a bill. But in Oxbridge it is quite enough to vote for the principle of change: vote for preambles, and let statutes take care of themselves: leave their evolution to the unhappy crew of practical reformers. Thus will you be still known as a champion of Liberalism: headlines in the Press, which only notices the first debate on any subject, will proclaim that OXBRIDGE REFORMS HERSELF: and a Commission will be postponed to the Greek Kalends. After all, it is yourself of whom you must primarily think: and what a reputation will be yours! If you are at once the hope and the despair of active reformers,—their hope, because you will always vote for a principle: their despair, because you will never discuss its details,—at least, you will never be negligible or obscure. Your noble contempt for particulars will win you the just praise of all thinking men: you will be known as a Liberal of the purest water—one whose clear vision of the Ideal was never for a moment obscured by the mists of the Practical. I see you in the near future, unbiassed by logic, unhampered by tradition, unembarrassed by common sense,—I see you advancing towards an imaginary goal, with one eye fixed on the Absolute Good and one on the halfpenny Press! Keep in the Van of Progress, my boy: it's the only safe place.

Your Affectionate Uncle,

DIOGENES DUNDERHEAD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are some aspects of Home Rule in Ireland which I think have not been sufficiently dwelt on. Of course until we see the text of the Home Rule Bill it is difficult to discuss the question fully, but it is in fact the Home Rulers who have opened the campaign and compelled the Unionists to enter on the discussion before the details of the measure are known. I think, however, it is admitted that there will be no second chamber in the Irish Parliament, so that the very limited check which the House of Lords exercises in the Imperial Parliament on over-hasty legislation will not exist in Ireland. The propertied classes in Ireland are chiefly Unionist, but even where it is otherwise the constituencies often prefer noisy agitators to men of substance who are seldom willing to bind themselves to give an unqualified support to the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party. The consequence is that property is almost wholly unrepresented among the Irish Nationalist members, and in the Irish single chamber there will be very few men who have any real stake in the country. And in these days when strikes have become one of the leading political questions this absence of men of wealth and property from the Irish Parliament is a very material consideration. Men of wealth and property still predominate in the Imperial House of Commons, and confiscatory or communistic legislation is not possible until after a new General Election in which a great part of the Liberal members are replaced by representatives of Socialism and Labour. But it is otherwise in Ireland. Take the present railway strike in Ireland. Can it be doubted that those who have so strongly urged the reinstatement of all the strikers without penalty, and even asked the Lord Lieutenant to use his influence to bring about that result, would if in office have brought in a Bill for compulsory reinstatement without penalty and dismissing (with or without compensation) the new hands who had been employed in the place of the strikers? There can be

little doubt that their interference has tended to prolong the strike, men who would otherwise have accepted the companies' terms believing that the Parliamentary party would succeed in procuring reinstatement without penalty if they held out a little longer. Could there be a more effectual way of promoting strikes in future than to lay down that after an unsuccessful strike the men who took part in it ought to be restored without penalty, the new employes being if necessary got rid of in order to make room for them? The public would live in perpetual danger of a railway strike under such a system as this. The men might gain by a strike and could not lose.

But supposing that the Irish Parliament did not go the length of passing laws in favour of the strikers, or that the Lord Lieutenant refused his assent to such laws, I need not say that in the case of strikes, as well as many other cases such as boycotting, the best laws will afford no protection unless the Executive Government faithfully carries them out. Would an Irish Home Rule Executive carry out the existing laws against the strikers, especially if the companies refused to adopt their suggestion of a reversion to the status quo ante? The railway companies complained of want of adequate protection which enabled intimidation to be extensively employed in aid of the strikers, and they maintained that the duration of the strike had been lengthened by this intimidation; but at all events they eventually took steps to protect the companies and their employes. But with a Home Rule Executive I fear the intimidation would not have been interfered with unless it involved danger to life and limb and that the loss to the companies and the public would have been greatly increased by its more extensive prevalence.

But the State, we are told, would purchase the railways. This if in contemplation would afford another reason for not interfering with the strikes, viz. the Government would purchase on easier terms if the strikes went on. Let us however suppose the purchase completed. Would that prevent strikes? Certainly not. The Government would be more squeezable than the railway companies, and the only ill-consequence of a successful strike would be the diminished profit which the State would derive from the railways. National bankruptcy—not very unlikely on other grounds—would be the probable result. The Irish members would have little or no personal interest in keeping up the profits on the railway lines while they would wish to secure the votes of the employes as well as the support of the other trade unions who were more or less in the same interest. The rise in wages on Irish railways would probably go on until there ceased to be money to pay them.

Truly yours,
HIBERNICUS.

A HAMPDEN FOR THE PARLIAMENT ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 October 1911.

SIR,—May I suggest another legal point that might be raised by a modern Hampden?

In passing the Parliament Act the House of Lords were under "duress" just as much as if some modern Cromwell had marched soldiers into the House and compelled the members to vote in the required manner.

Contracts entered into under duress are null and void at law; is not legislation passed under duress equally illegal?

Could not an association or league be formed to test this question and the other you have raised in your article, or, at any rate, to obtain first-class counsel's opinion as to whether any action taken would be likely to succeed in the courts? I should be happy to subscribe my mite for such a purpose, and no doubt others would do so also. Enclosing my card,

I am your obedient servant,
S.

MAJOR MORRISON BELL'S CONSTITUENCIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

179 S. Stephen's House, Westminster Bridge S.W.
18 October 1911.

SIR,—Major Morrison Bell's excellent models display in a very striking manner the anomalies in the size of constituencies, and must materially assist his campaign for redistribution. But much more is claimed for redistribution than it can possibly accomplish. It is contended that it will secure one vote, one value, and figures quoted from the publications of the Proportional Representation Society have often been used in its support.

No scheme of redistribution so long as single-member constituencies are retained will secure one vote, one value. This can be demonstrated by a few simple facts. It will still be true, as it is to-day, that two majorities of four votes each in two separate constituencies will have twice as much power within the House of Commons as a single majority of four thousand. Again, both in Wales and in Scotland the Unionists only by accident obtain any representation at all. The creation of equal electoral areas will leave this injustice untouched. The votes of the Unionist minorities there will still have little or no value, and the same may be said of the votes of the Liberal minorities in Birmingham, the Home Counties, and other Unionist strongholds.

Possibly the driving force behind the demand for equal electoral areas is a belief that redistribution will compensate the Unionist party for the changes in representation which may result from the adoption of one man, one vote. This is a delusion. Redistribution will, it is true, reduce the Ministerialist majority in Ireland and it will give increased representation to the Unionists in the Home Counties. But these results will be negated by increased Liberal and Labour representation in Yorkshire and the Northern Counties. We are ready to furnish the data for these facts to all those who are unwilling to accept mere assertion. Had there been equal electoral areas at the last election the Government majority would have been 122 instead of 126. Practically no change would have taken place in the representation of political forces.

There is but one way by which "one vote, one value" can be secured, and that is proportional representation. Under this system minorities and majorities will each obtain their fair share of representation, while electors will be given a much wider choice in the selection of their representatives. In brief, the House of Commons will then become in fact what it is in theory, a reflection of the national will.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

Hon. Sec. Proportional Representation Society.

THE ETHICS OF HOSPITALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Union Society, Cambridge,
16 October 1911.

SIR,—In your Notes of the Week I observe that you bring up against Mr. Broadhurst words spoken by him at a chance meeting thirteen years ago. It seems hardly sporting to refer to an event so long past; but surely the line might be drawn at casting in his teeth the words with which he proffered his hospitality.

Yours, etc.

H. G. H.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall S.W.
19 October 1911.

SIR,—There is no need for your correspondent to be surprised or outraged because all the Labour represen-

tatives on the Industrial Council are trade union officials, and non-unionist men are not represented. The Council is formed to deal with difficulties between organised labour and capital. Men who refrain from joining a trade union do so because they do not believe in collective bargaining, but think it more advantageous for each individual man to deal directly with his employer. This position was clearly put by some of the witnesses before the Railway Commission, and is a reasonable and arguable one. But it is clear that those who hold it do not come within the sphere of operations of the Industrial Council.

Yours faithfully,

G. CROSSE.

"BERGSON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur F. Thorn asks: "If the 'creative will' is absolutely 'free' and undetermined by law, how is it that we are conscious of limitations? My 'will' might prompt me to endeavour to paint like Turner, or write like Shakespeare, but I am not 'free' to do either."

The question is pertinent, but opens too great a subject for reply in a letter. I may, however, be permitted to refer to one passage from Kant and one from Bergson which are in point.

Kant says: "The real morality of actions, their merit or demerit, and even that of our own conduct, is completely unknown to us. Our estimates can relate only to their empirical character. How much is the result of the action of free will, how much is to be ascribed to nature and to blameless error, or to a happy constitution of temperament (*merito fortunæ*) no one can discover, nor, for this reason, determine with perfect justice". (Meiklejohn's "Kant", p. 311.)

Bergson says: "And the outward manifestation of this inner state will be just what is called a free act, since the self alone will have been the author of it, and since it will express the whole of the self. Freedom, thus understood, is not absolute, as a radically libertarian philosophy would have it; it admits of degrees". (Bergson's "Time and Free Will", pp. 66-7.)

Bergson cannot make his "creative will" absolutely free, for thereby he would be landed in pure pantheism: I do not think he is a pantheist. So when he refers "creative will" to a personality in man he must make it relative, not absolute. Mr. Thorn's "creative will" must differ from that of all others, or it is not personal to himself. So it cannot be absolutely free.

What is the real personality of man under Bergson's theory I do not touch on: it amounts possibly to an anthropomorphic reduction of Kant's "soul of man". M. Bergson is probably right in holding that Kant made "freedom" into an incomprehensible fact, but quite wrong in saying Kant confused the symbolical ego with the ego itself, and that he "ascribed to the causal relation the same meaning and the same function in the inner as in the outer world". ("Time and Free Will", p. 232.)

What M. Bergson has written on "free will" is full of thought and stated in perfect language. But still I am in doubt what he means by "creative will" which is absolutely free. I am not sure that he so defines it.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE THEATRE.

"ART's function is to please".

"But whom?"

"The Few". . . .

"The Few won't fill the Theatre, my good man!"

"That by a different function earns its due."

"And what may be its law? . . ."

"Please Caliban".

REVIEWS.

HYDE.

"Edward Earl of Clarendon." By Sir Henry Craik
2 vols. London: Sm. th, Elder. 1911. 21s. net.

THIS book will confirm the desire of the Government to disfranchise the Universities. Its author is a University member, and he has written a Life of the founder of the Constitutional party in which the hallowed historical conventions of Liberalism are calmly exposed. It is true, as Sir Henry Craik remarks, that the old arrogant assumptions of the Whig historians are largely obsolete and that the assertors of popular rights against the Crown—Liberalism has now found a new use for Crown prerogatives—or of puritanism against the Church can no longer be treated from the point of view of the hagiographer. But the open advocacy of a Macaulay, a Froude or a Green has been succeeded by an affectation of balanced neutrality which is at bottom every bit as prejudiced. Sir Henry calls attention especially to the "rancour, combined with an almost Quaker-like profession of what is called historical impartiality", underlying Gardiner's account of the Civil War. His own standpoint strikes us as really a judicial one, though it is taken from within, as it were, the Royalist lines. Many will think the judgments passed upon Prince Rupert and on Henrietta Maria too uniformly harsh, and the whole of the second volume is an indictment of Charles II. which is so monotonously black as to be unconvincing. Atrocious as was his abandonment of his and his father's loyal councillor to the malice of the Commons, and though he was a selfish voluptuary, yet the man whom Clarendon in his hour of darkness spoke of as "the best natured and most bountiful master in the world" must have had some generous qualities. For Clarendon was no supple adulator: it was his amazingly plain-spoken lecturing, proof of the fidelity of an old servant, which had wearied out his ungrateful pupil. In those old days of petty intrigue in the out-at-elbows Court at The Hague Charles had once or twice had the spirit to stand up for his watch-dog and monitor, as when he hotly declared Long's insinuation that the Lord Chancellor was in Oliver's pay—a Chancellor who "had not a cardieue in the world" and lacked "even shoes and shirts"—to be "a libell derogatory from my own honour and justice".

Of the three leading actors of the earlier drama, all of whom died beneath the axe—King, Primate and Minister—Sir Henry Craik's characterisation is admirably discriminating yet sympathetic. His vignettes are throughout as clear-cut almost as the exquisitely-carved cameos in the "History of the Rebellion" itself. Laud's "saintly personality" was one which combined the tireless and self-forgetting industry of a mediæval statesman-prelate and reforming administrator with visions of a beauty of holiness realised in churches which too often "lay nastily", of a cultured, learned and orthodox priesthood, and of a close and loyal co-operation between altar and throne. In curbing wickedness in high places he carried non-respect of persons to a point which young Hyde ventured to reprove in him, the Archbishop humbly accepting his protégé's sermon. Laud had that large tolerance of religious opinion—though not of disorder—which is quite other than a gelatinous indifferentism, and to him the present Church of England owes practically all she is. With Strafford Hyde was never brought into personal contact, though his share in dragging down that noble stag cannot easily be forgiven. Afterwards he perceived the greatness of the man before whose inflexible integrity and resolution powerful arrogance and greed had been forced to cower. Sir Henry Craik is not too severe on the King's final abandonment of Strafford to his fate, but should he not have recalled how the memory of that weakness followed Charles all through his life till he too stood beside the block, declaring that it had brought him there? In Sir

Henry's pages, as in Clarendon's, the maturing of the noble elements in Charles I.'s character through the purging fires of adversity is clearly traced. The irresolution vanishes, the ideals grow clearer and finer, and as the shadows of the war deepen the King stands out as the most courageous, energetic and undaunted figure of a failing Cause, a truly kingly and Christian figure, resolved only to make, as he said, some stone in the Church which he was defending his tomb-stone, until at last the crown of sorrows became a crown of martyrdom. Seldom was his anger roused in that last period of his life; but when Davenant said something slighting against the Church of England to persuade him, as from the Queen, to compromise on that matter he was "transported", says Clarendon, "with passion and indignation". Tenderly uxorious as he was, he never allowed Henrietta Maria to turn him from that loyalty, and it was devotion to his murdered master, almost as much as his own dutiful churchmanship, which afterwards made Clarendon guard the young King so jealously from compliance with his mother's wishes. It was, however, any dishonourable bargain which might be proffered to his son as a condition of the King's life being spared which he earnestly commanded him to reject—"To save my life by complying would make me end my days with torture, but your constancy will make me die cheerfully, praising God". His letter also to Rupert forbidding him to try to save a falling throne and menaced life by compromising on any point of honour is a document worthy of a King of England.

Charles at least believed himself from the first to be a constitutional monarch, not an autocrat. Hyde looked askance, in the beginning of his political career, at what seemed to him stretches of prerogative, but once he had chosen his side he was resolute against surrender to men who, as Sir Henry Craik clearly shows, were all through not reformers but revolutionaries. The sixteenth century had let loose subversive theories of emancipation from all authority, whether in Church or State, which were bound to issue in republicanism and Independency. Hyde's own dominant conception until his death was constitutionalism, a balance of powers within the State. But philosophers were already putting forward a doctrine which in our own day is also the democratic one, that of Sovereignty: in other words that somewhere or other in the State there must be an ultimate and unchallengeable authority. Hobbes placed it in the will of the Prince. Modern Liberalism places it in the caprice of a chance majority in one House of Parliament. Those who still talk idly of the British monarchy as a "constitutional" one have had it made clear to them this year what that means—a figurehead King kept for ornamental purposes but unable to stop the extremest action of the party in power. Hyde had been too much indoctrinated with the academic theories of the Great Tew circle, though he did not share its Deistic tendencies in theology. Surely Falkland, with all his graceful virtues and accomplishments, was a prince of ineffectives—the Rosebery of the Stuart age. By the bye he ingeminated, not "ingerminated", peace.

These two volumes of Sir Henry Craik's, what contrasted pictures they offer! The first spreads the antique stage across which romantic and noble figures move with stately step, trailing their purple robes in the tragic unfolding of that great drama which ended on the scaffold before Whitehall. The other shows us the men and women of the Restoration. It is a new world, emancipated from old ideas of morals and religion, of dignity and duty. The modern age had begun. The King, says Clarendon, "had in his nature little reverence for antiquity, and did in truth contemn old orders, forms and institutions. He was a great lover of new inventions, and thought them fit to controul the superstitious observation of the dictates of our ancestors". And Charles II. was the man of his time. It is all gravely but wittily depicted for us by this incomparable historian, with his vivid, dramatic portraiture and what Johnson called the rude, inartificial majesty of a great

English style. Life for him was a large theatre, and he had played his own part upon it with constancy and nobility, the pilot during a quarter of a century of a Cause which blood and sacrifice have made undying.

THE BOND OF LETTERS.

"Forty Years of Friendship, as recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke Lord Coleridge and Ellis Yarnall, 1856 to 1895." London: Macmillan. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.

THERE are two remarkable things about this correspondence between Mr. Ellis Yarnall, a cultivated American citizen with pietistic leanings, and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. The two men met one another at very rare intervals during forty years, and then only for a few days at a time. Yet they maintained a friendship on paper by writing one another long letters on politics, on literature, and on religion. They set up a literary exchange, Yarnall writing to Coleridge about the books, the leading men, and the politics of America, and Coleridge shipping an equivalent cargo from England. It might be thought that Yarnall had the best of the bargain, as he was a private individual, while Coleridge was at the centre of the legal and political world on this side. But it was not so: Yarnall's letters are quite as good as Coleridge's, sometimes better, not so well informed as to *la haute politique*, but quite as well expressed and often showing sounder judgment of men and events. But the fact that the friendship was maintained by the mere bond of letters for forty years—Coleridge at any rate being a very busy man—is a quite remarkable thing, for it shows unusual intellectual curiosity, and an impulse to put mind to mind which is very rare, and we fear in these days of typewriters and telephones and postcards altogether obsolete. The other remarkable thing about the letters is that they open on the American war of secession and close on the Home Rule struggle of 1886, two phases of the same question, on which the two men maintain the same attitude after nearly half a century. Although slavery imported a sentimental issue, the real question which the civil war of 1861-3 decided was that of the union or the separation of the American States. Jefferson Davis was the American Parnell, and though slavery was put forward, like landlordism in Ireland, as the grievance, the real issue was Home Rule, which is the English for "State rights". It is very striking that Gladstone was a Separatist and Home Ruler in 1861, and declared that Jefferson Davis had "founded a nation", all the more remarkable as the Conservative party in England espoused the cause of the South because the Southerners were landowners and the Northerners were cadts. Ellis Yarnall was a sturdy Unionist in 1861 and in 1886: he saw that for his own country and for ours union was essential to national life, and that to allow disruption was to perpetuate strife and weakness. Coleridge was a Separatist Home Ruler in 1861 and in 1886. He could not help detesting slavery and saying so. But he was offended by the brutality and insolence of the Yankees, and his persistent vein of feminine sentimentality urged him to plead against Yarnall for the right of the South to set up for itself and to denounce with a bitterness that plainly strained the friendship the war "of conquest and devastation" which he declared the North was waging. It is amusing to find the two men furbishing up their old weapons thirty-eight years later, and urging exactly the same arguments against one another. Though Yarnall was certainly not a Tory, he saw the folly of Gladstone's policy, which Coleridge could not or would not see: the most he would admit was that Gladstone's confidence in himself was overweening and that he had been in too great a hurry. Yarnall writes him in 1892 that the tide of opinion in America was setting steadily against Gladstone. Of course Yarnall knew his Irish, and told Coleridge that they had corrupted and degraded the government of the United States.

Nearly all lawyers, however successful, detest their profession. We have known many great men at the Bar whom their unemployed brethren envied, and not one of them but cursed the chain which bound him to the law courts. The truth is that a barrister has to work far harder for his income than any other money-getter, and if he has other interests in life he is apt to groan. "One great drawback", wrote Coleridge, "there is to all successful life in this country, i.e. in professions or politics, which I feel daily more keenly as my life grows shorter: I mean the practical impossibility of reading largely and so as to keep the mind fresh and cultivated by the thoughts of other men. . . . There is nothing compensates, to a man of heart and intelligence, for the dulness and narrowness which he finds the absorbing pursuit of a profession gradually induces upon heart and brain." There is a curious passage in one of the letters in which the Lord Chief Justice laments his indolence, his want of law, and the inefficiency with which he does his work. He candidly admits towards the close of his life that he only remained upon the Bench in order to save more money for his second wife. We cannot allow self-accusation to disarm criticism. Lord Coleridge was not a great lawyer in the sense that Bethell, and Benjamin, and Bowen, and Bramwell—four B's—and Cairns and Jessel were great. He was not a great advocate, like Scarlett, or Follett, or James, or Russell, or Clarke. He was not a great Lord Chief Justice like Mansfield, or Ellenborough, or Cockburn. And yet being a man of great intellectual distinction Coleridge shone by comparison with the ordinary run of Attorney-Generals and judges. He had a voice clear and deep and "musical as is Apollo's lute" which he managed perfectly, never letting it drop at the end of a sentence, where the emphatic words ought to come, and never shouting, and throwing into its tones inflections of sarcasm, of protest and of pathos. This natural gift was supported by a staccato elocution, which seemed easy but was artistic, and by a style of diction which for grace and lucidity and dignity was unrivalled on the Bench or at the Bar. Except where the game laws were concerned the late Chief Justice was a scrupulously fair and patient judge, and he was always courteous to the youngest counsel, for which in the days of Cave and Day the junior Bar were grateful. But Coleridge was full of feminine defects of mind and character. He was inordinately vain and he was spiteful, and he was stuffed with vulgar prejudices. He made the great mistake of abolishing the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and of the Queen's Bench, the Lord Chief Baron and the Barons of the Exchequer in order that he might shine in splendid isolation as Lord Chief Justice of England. He nursed a bitter hatred against the aristocracy which was quite unworthy of him and made him an unjust judge where any case of poaching or trespassing was tried before him. As a politician he was narrow-minded and uncharitable to a degree that in a man of his culture is indefensible. To Lord Coleridge Disraeli was always "the foreign mountebank", the "here-we-are-again" charlatan, the adventurer who corrupted and degraded English politics and made the Chief Justice feel "humiliated". This judgment of Lord Beaconsfield, not delivered in the excitement of an election from the platform but written in cold blood, contrasts foolishly with the view taken by men of all parties in the present generation. Of any sense of humour Lord Coleridge was quite devoid, and we know no more deadly defect than that. We remember his saying in a speech at the Palmerston Club, "You must look at Oxford as a whole, and what a whole it is!" It was his want of humour and solemn priggishness that made him ridiculous in the Tichborne case. Ballantine or Carson would have turned the Wapping butcher inside out in half the time it took Coleridge to plough through his elaborate and ineffective cross-examination. How is it, by the way, that nearly all worshippers of Wordsworth are prigs or cranks? Matthew Arnold is the only exception we recall. What were the feelings entertained by his domestic circle for Lord Coleridge we do not know: judged by conventional canons he

was a man of blameless life. But outside his family we doubt whether he was really liked by anybody. Despite the breadth of brow and the massiveness of the nose and jaw, the eyes looked askance and the general expression was sly. Coleridge wrote of Lowell that the more he knew him the less he liked him. "Perhaps it is because he is not really genial. Perhaps he says the same thing of me." Perhaps he did: he spoke truth if he did. The Lord Chief Justice was an iceberg and froze the genial currents that ran round him. The fact is Coleridge mistook his profession which he declared was "repulsive" to him. He should have taken Orders: with his voice, his person, and his principles he would have reigned at Lambeth.

Ellis Yarnall gave the Chief Justice much sound instruction in politics both on Unionism and Constitution-wrecking. "Alas! these caucus or other leaders you in England will have to bring your minds to, as the result of your widened suffrage. . . . Under waves of passion quick changes may be made, for you are without the checks of our system. The Senate with us is a reality, so is the veto power, so is the Supreme Court: and our Constitution, to which we owe all, is the most wonderful work that ever came from the hands of man." This was written in 1887. Referring to W. E. Forster our American friend wrote: "His knowledge of the miserable results here of the rule of our wire-pullers made him firm to resist the effort of the Bradford caucus-men to subject him to their control. Once this caucus or wire-puller rule is established in England your whole framework of Government will be in peril. What has saved us is our Constitution and our Supreme Court and other checks". If this observant American wrote thus in 1887, what would he say to the events of the last three years?

PARTHIAN SHOTS OF A DESERTER.

"Non-Catholic Denominations of England." By Robert Hugh Benson. London: Longmans. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. BENSON has a right to the question-begging title of his book if it is really meant "for priests and students" of his new communion, in which case—at any rate so far as it deals with the Church of England—it is not very candid or educational. But he probably has an eye to conversions. Transfugitive reports of the state of a camp which a man has deserted are not usually of great value. Nevertheless Churchmen would do well to ponder the attacks upon their habits of thought and action. After allowing for subconscious malice, there remains a good deal that is true. They need not trouble themselves about the assertion that the Privy Council "legally exactly fulfils the requirement" of a Living Voice to them, "an authority always capable of applying the principles of religion and answering new questions". The Privy Council does not even claim to do anything of the kind, and its decisions where they touch theology are a dead letter. Mr. Benson says that the ceremonial and current doctrine of the Church of England, from Anne's time to Victoria's, "resembled very closely that of the Presbyterians", which is absurdly untrue. He says that in the eyes of Low Churchmen the Bread of the Eucharist "has no sanctity at all", at any rate after being used for Communion, and it was "common" for them, till sixty years ago, to throw it to the birds! He avers that "all mention of absolution is carefully omitted" from the Prayer Book of the Church of Ireland, albeit that Prayer Book says that Christ hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins. Mr. Benson describes the words "as generally necessary to salvation" as only "a slightly saving clause" in the Catechism to the statement that there are only two Sacraments ordained by Christ in His Church—what fault has he to find with the careful question and

reply? He endorses the vulgar opinion that the King is "constitutionally a Presbyterian in Scotland"—where does he find his constitutional authorities? And when he was a priest of the Church of England he must have acquired enough theology to know that "res significata" does not mean a thing "not actually present but symbolised".

Still, Churchmen would do well "et ab transfuga doceri". They have to recognise that the sixteenth century "settlement" was a hopeless muddle, leaving the Church of England without any working system of authority and exposed to the insolence of lawyers and politicians. They must also abandon a great deal of false "Church defence" history and admit that their isolation from the rest of the Western Church is anomalous and unhappy, though it became inevitable. The self-complacency of Anglican officialism should be broken down, and deep heart-searching take its place. On the other hand there was at the close of the Middle Ages a crying call from all good men for a purified and reformed Catholicism, and the Church of England really endeavoured to respond to that call. Mr. Benson may reply that the papal communion has reformed itself without any revolutionary breach. Perhaps, as regards crying scandals which the modern temper will not tolerate. But even then only by silently jettisoning large portions of the Roman system which were once at the heart of it. Take, for example, the deposing power—now not merely dormant but disavowed; yet for five centuries from John of Salisbury it was asserted by every canonist. Or the saint-cultus. This is now dealt with in the most iconoclastic way by writers like the Jesuit Father Delehaye, author of "The Legends of the Saints" in this very "Westminster Library", or that light of the Vatican and godson of Pio Nono, Pio Franchi de Cavalieri, who has mowed down the holy ones of the Kalendar like a battue of pheasants. When Mr. Benson speaks of the contradictions of Anglican divines and the uncertainty of the English Church system, he must remember that Delehaye and Franchi would certainly have been burnt at the stake a few centuries, or even less, ago. Beliefs and practices which for ages were intimately bound up with the religion of all pious people, but now discarded, did not really, we are told, rest on any *ex cathedra* utterance of infallibility. None the less the Church was responsible for them, and if infallibility is never forthcoming as a guide when most needed—e.g. on a certain Eve of S. Bartholomew—of what practical value is it?

The truth is that the weakness, as well as the strength, of Anglicanism arises from the compromising English temper much more than from the want of an infallible guide. The Eastern Church has been for long ages an imposing and orthodox communion apart from the See of Peter; Presbyterianism is described by Mr. Benson as "a living, working and authoritative system, with a clear mind of its own and a refreshing courageousness in proclaiming it"; and he speaks of the Baptists as a "compact, disciplined and fervent body". Inorganic Protestantism, it is true, is fast losing its coherence and hold on doctrinal faith under the influence of Liberalism and rationalism, and Mr. Benson thinks the Church of England is also on the down grade, the old Evangelicalism being nearly extinct and Highchurchmanship surrendering its standpoint more and more to the Broadchurchmen. Those who once preached justification by faith now teach justification by works, and the authority of the Bible has been laid in ruins. All this may be more or less true, and as long as there is an orthodox Pope his central authority may check the growth of Liberalism in the Roman communion itself. But in the end the spirit of the age can only be effectually countered by the spirit of the Church. Latin Christianity has so long rested on a single buttress that if that gave way it might plunge into something more revolutionary than Modernism, whereas English Churchmanship, loosely organised, illogical and averse from extremes, would survive, as it has survived, many shocks. Mr. Benson admits that it was not based historically on mere revolt or private

judgment, and that it "holds together perfectly intelligibly up to a certain point". He clearly distinguishes the "moderate Churchman" from the "historic High Churchman", who has "a real right, though not exclusive, to his interpretation of the formularies of the Church of England". And though afterwards the High Church tradition is attenuated by Mr. Benson to a thread running through a fabric otherwise Puritan, he allows that neither theology nor thought has been contributed to the Church of England by Puritanism, that it is practically dead, and that it finds some very hard nuts to crack in the Prayer Book. If he had been giving a really impartial description of his old Church he would have mentioned the fact—since he remembers that Hooker's confessor was Saravia—that the Church of England would admit the humblest Breton priest to minister at her altars without re-ordination, but would compel the Moderator of the Established Church of Scotland to pass through every stage. Bishop Andrewes, he says, expressly repudiates invocation of saints; yet Andrewes held that we may ask God for their intercession. Also he rejected the scholastic transubstantiation, but he was willing to speak of transmutation. Mr. Benson mistakenly says that "Convocation is summoned by the Sovereign in the same kind of manner as are the Houses of Parliament", whereas the King only entreats the Metropolitans, by the love and duty they bear him, to convoke their Convocations: he cannot summon them himself. And we rub our eyes when we read that, whereas the Church of England has lost much of the influence she once enjoyed by not upholding the principle of freedom from the State in doctrinal matters, the Roman Catholic and Dissenter have been united in suffering for its defence. Has Mr. Benson never read any history? Are the names of Constantine and Justinian and Charlemagne and Louis XIV. unknown to him, and has he never heard of the Long Parliament or the doings of the Pilgrim Fathers and other Puritans in America? The Church of England has gradually got into a tangle with the civil power, but it is a great misrepresentation to suggest that any part of her formularies was dictated to her by "the secular State".

In controversy between religious communions the attack is always more successful than the defence. Mr. Benson knows how many volumes might be, and have been, filled with exposure of Rome's past and present, and an infallible religion, if proved wrong at any point, breaks down altogether. The Anglican position has been defended by men of the highest intellect and saintliness, and we see no sense in firing popguns at it. As Mr. Benson himself says, ecclesiastical controversy is like modern warfare, no longer an affair of sword against sword, of visible successes and visible flights, but a slow business of heavy long-distance artillery and large flanking movements, whose results are only gradually gathered.

THE AMATEUR SOLDIER AGAIN.

"German Influence on British Cavalry." By Erskine Childers. London: Arnold. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

A CAVALRYMAN of repute who saw much fighting in South Africa writes to us of this book as follows:—"Personally I have read the history of every cavalry fight I could lay hands on and I do not arrive at the same conclusions as does Mr. Childers; in fact, in nearly every case I arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. He falsifies the general opinion of Henderson as to the value of cavalry; at any rate, I read Henderson quite differently. He splits hairs on Sir John French's arguments as to the use of cavalry with all the skill of a lawyer trying to muddle a truthful witness into lying. He purposely ignores any point against his own peculiar views, and he reads into writings of other men things which they do not mean and (I think) things that he knows they do not mean. Mr. Childers evidently does not know that the reason why the Boers retreated

from Magersfontein to the Portuguese frontier before Roberts was simply because they dared not face our cavalry hand to hand."

The public in general who talk about "Roberts' great experience" and suchlike cannot be aware that Lord Roberts saw no cavalry action in South Africa. Mr. Childers knows this quite well, and yet he elects to trust Lord Roberts' opinion against that of Sir John French. On page 65 of this wonderful book Mr. Childers, to bolster up his theories, says "Lord Roberts is the only living British officer with a European reputation". This is offensive nonsense. Lord Roberts has never seen a shot fired in Europe. Other great living soldiers have. Evidently Mr. Childers has never heard of Lord Wolseley. At any rate he is grossly ignorant of the opinion European soldiers hold of his great abilities. Sir John French has studied cavalry over thirty years, and has led cavalry in peace and in war with marked success. This is well known to all our cavalry officers; hence they naturally resent the writings of an amateur whose ignorance of military history is conspicuous on every page. Yet he thinks himself competent to argue with an expert like Sir John French!

Mr. Childers' writings show he has never realised that the ideal cavalry charge is carried out by bringing the shock of the cavalry to bear at right angles to the fire effect of its supporting guns, not rifles; for rifles for that purpose are not to be compared with guns. Again, he consistently ignores the "moral effect" of cavalry, as does every mere theorist, who naturally has had no chance of learning by experience what it means. He thinks that bullets fired by horsemen moving rapidly will hit their mark, whereas in fact not one in a thousand does, unless the muzzle is pressed against the object.

No harm will be done to our cavalry officers by this book because its writer obviously does not understand his subject, and gives himself away time after time without knowing it. Nothing could be sillier than Mr. Childers' argument that lances and swords are useless because the Boers (being unable to use them) did not want them. Can Mr. Childers cite any one instance of Boers attacking and driving back cavalry who carried the arme blanche? Yet how often did the Boers retire before our cavalry!

The book is not worth serious attention. We will end with another quotation from the horse-soldier we mentioned at the beginning, who is not mythical but a very real officer now holding a high position. "I really cannot get through this book: it is such nonsense. In his other book he spoke of Sanna's Post as an instance of a 'Boers' fine charge'. Now I was there, and no such charge took place, and yet six times he quotes it as an instance of 'a fine charge'. God save us from the 'sutor ultra crepidam' is my last word. I wish to heaven all our enemies would be 'infected' with his views and would adopt his ideas."

THE END OF CLASSICAL ROME.

"History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages."

By Hartmann Grisar S.J. Authorised English Translation edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul. 1911. 15s. net.

FATHER GRISAR has undertaken a heavy task. He is attempting to write a history of the Papacy from the end of the ancient world to the point where Ludwig Pastor takes it up with the Popes of the Renaissance, to produce a guide of the topography and archaeology of mediæval Rome, and at the same time to answer the Liberal Protestant views of that most attractive historian Gregorovius. The German edition is to be in six volumes. The rather ponderous tome under review is only a third part of the first volume. Size is not its only encyclopædic character; it is divided into a series of articles accentuated by plenty of black type and capital letters. Is the translator an Englishman? If he is, his English is curiously heavy and unidiomatic. All this makes the book difficult reading, but it does not detract from its real merit. If the same

amount of learning and research is put into the many remaining volumes, Father Grisar's history will be a worthy memorial of the sound historical method that the Vatican somewhat intermittently encourages.

The first volume deals with the condition of the city in the fifth century. There is much to be said for beginning a history of mediæval Rome with the last years of Theodosius. Imperial Rome is often supposed to end with the overthrow of Romulus Augustulus, but the whole of the fifth century is so confused and obscure that it is difficult to point to any one date whether it be 410 or 476, or to any one man, Attila, Alaric or Odovacar, and to say that at this point or with this man ancient history ended, and mediæval history began. Theodosius' victory over Eugenius and Flavian Nicomachus in 394 undoubtedly marked the final struggle between Christianity and official paganism. M. Gaston Boissier in his "*Fin du paganisme*" has shown how many and important are the questions connected with this curiously obscure period. What were the final relations between Christianity and paganism? Why did paganism in spite of Imperial edicts maintain so firm a hold of certain classes of the population? How far did Christianity hasten or retard the dissolution of the Empire? What happened to the temples? How and when was the Primacy of the Roman See established? These are only a few of the questions that M. Boissier and Father Grisar try to answer.

From a welter of confusing details one fact clearly emerges. Constantine's adoption of Christianity did not mean the conversion of the Empire; it took several generations to make the official creed the popular belief. In two directions the Church had a long struggle before it; the old pagan cults were very far from being creeds outworn, whilst within its own borders there was the no less formidable foe of Arianism. Paganism was all the stronger for the transformation through which it had passed; its crude mythology had been sentimentalised; its coarseness had been refined, and its beliefs watered down into the kind of sentimental undenominationalism that was certain to appeal to the people of the later empire. The aristocracy clung to classical traditions. The atmosphere of art and literature was still almost wholly pagan. If a Christian like Sidonius, the Bishop of Avernæ had literary aspirations, he adopted classical subjects, and as near as he could a classical style, and followed in the footsteps of Claudian or Ammianus Marcellinus. A political career was surrounded with pagan associations. In the Senate there was a strong anti-Christian party, whilst the number of Christian men of position was insignificant in comparison with the number of devout women, who could adopt Christianity without the sacrifice of a political career.

The lower classes had other ties with the old forms of worship. To them the gods and demi-gods were much what some of the lesser saints were to the peasants in the later middle ages, the excuse for a feast or the reason for a fair. The Roman plebs had not lost their love of the games, and it is significant that after Leo had saved the city from Attila, the common people showed their rejoicing by attending not the churches, but the circuses. On neither side was there bitter feeling. If official Christianity made progress, it advanced, not by the crude method of persecution, but by the modern machinery of disendowment. The temples and their servers were in something of the same position as the monasteries and their communities in the sixteenth century, but with this difference, that in the sixth century there was little iconoclasm. Occasionally, but rarely, a temple became a church; in most cases the buildings were left empty, and the endowments confiscated. The cults of Imperial Rome had always been Erastian, and they were now being destroyed by an almost equally Erastian Christianity.

It was this tendency to Erastianism that made Arianism so popular. Arianism was, in fact, only one step removed from the undenominational Erastian paganism that it superseded. Both were accommodating, neither was exacting, neither was likely to embarrass a divus Cæsar or an Ostrogoth king. The

danger in which Arianism placed the Church makes the conversion of Clovis and the Franks to orthodox Christianity one of the most far-reaching events in mediæval history.

It is these last years of pagan resistance and first years of Arian attack that are treated at length in this volume. Father Grisar is well equipped for the work. He does not confine himself to the beaten track. Besides the evidence of historical texts and inscriptions and monuments, he brings to his service the curious details of liturgies and hagiographical traditions. He is able, for instance, to throw light on the popular cult of SS Cosmas and Damian by a critical study of their primitive Mass.

Father Grisar says that he is anxious that his book should serve as "a mentor for visitors and pilgrims from our northern homes when they wish to recall at leisure all they had witnessed during their stay in the Eternal City". It will certainly give them much information about recent, though not the most recent, excavations and discoveries. It will also draw the attention to what is best worth seeing in Rome, the smaller and less known churches, churches, for instance, like the SS. Quattro Coronati, of which he gives so full and interesting a description.

It would not, of course, be reasonable to expect any exclusion of controversial questions. Father Grisar is ready to break a lance with Gregorovius. And who is not, when Gregorovius writes that "history knows nothing of the presence at Rome of the Apostle Peter"? Even Harnack condemns his fellow Protestant. Perhaps on the whole the honours are easy. A generation of historical progress has opened to the Roman fields of research that were closed to the Protestant. Yet though Grisar can marshal the new facts, Gregorovius has the manner and style of the great historian.

NOVELS.

"*God and the King.*" By Marjorie Bowen. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.

In her latest work Miss Bowen completes the trilogy for which William of Orange has supplied the hero. We have here the last part of his story from his invasion of England until his death, the most difficult no doubt for romantic uses. Miss Bowen has many admirable qualities as a writer of historical romance. She uses an attractive simplicity, is not violently prejudiced, does her best to render facts as she knows them, and avoids wilful distortion to produce effects. She seems to feel more at home with pathos than with any sort of passion, since with the one she is wholly sincere and moving, while the other at once betrays her into theatricality. She has, indeed, rather overdone the pathos, giving us a view of William and Mary's existence, clouded with sighs and bedimmed with tears, which the memoirs of the time cannot be said to countenance. Doubtless they would both have preferred The Hague to Whitehall, but that preference and the exceeding difficulties of their position do not seem to have kept them in the condition of continual melancholy which Miss Bowen suggests. The story has to suffer from the continual diversion of its interest from the main figures. Wisely, no attempt is made to give a clear review of English politics, which were for so many years in a confusion which still entangles the historian; but a large number of figures have to be dealt with, and though most of these are very carefully and concisely drawn they have inevitably to suffer from the haziness of the background and confusion of motive.

The plots, counter-plots, treasons and conversions of the years between the King's Irish campaign and the Queen's death become especially confused; and, though William's troubles with the ever changing English parties are insisted on, we learn nothing of Lord Sunderland's scheme of government which not only brought relief to him but created a ministerial method which has continued until to-day. The scenes most at the author's command are quiet interiors, or ordered

gardens. In these she often obtains delicately effective commonplaces of colour and season, though she is rather a showy than an accurate horticulturist, as when she makes her hawthorns and roses bloom together in Kensington. In war, it is not surprising that she is a good deal at fault, such sentences as—"his way was barred by the fosse from the gazons of which the soldiers were firing, and, on the glacis which slopes before it, several gunners were hauling a battery into place; not far behind them a fierce fire was being maintained from a projecting javelin"—not being of much service to one's understanding. The style is quite undistinguished; indeed, there is no sense of style; but the writing is very simple and straightforward, and so little effort is made after an archaic verisimilitude that the use of the old possessive seems rather a pity. The grammar is not always impeccable, and the hero is occasionally made a victim of the author's fondness for the split infinitive; but the sincerity of the book makes amends for these lesser evils.

"Jim Davis." By John Masefield. London: Wells Gardner. 1911. 6s.

Jim was a small boy in South Devon some hundred years ago, and partly by accident and partly by cleverness he found out more about the local smugglers than his mysterious friend Mr. Gorsuch (who was really their captain) could approve of; so, to stop his tongue, he was carried off and made two most exciting trips with them. His narrative, which should be in the hands of many sea-loving youngsters at Christmas, has all the atmosphere of the time towards the end of the French wars; its moral moreover is unimpeachable, for Mr. Gorsuch after being severely wounded settled down ashore in a respectable occupation. We should have doubted whether a contemporary three-masted armed

(Continued on page 528.)

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ligger big enough to cross the Bay to Spain could have been berthed afloat in any cave small enough to be concealed from seaward, but Mr. Masefield is a nautical antiquary and ought to know. The general reader may be assured that once launched he will shoot through this enjoyable romance without even the slight and not unpleasant shivering of his sails such impertinent queries cause. We await with interest the account of Jim's projected expedition to the treasure ship that Mr. Gorsuch knows of in Campeachy Bay.

"The Lone Adventure." By Halliwell Sutcliffe.
London: Unwin. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Sutcliffe in his latest novel makes good use of the ugly duckling motif. His Rupert Royd, heir to a sturdy fox-hunting Lancashire baronet, despised as a dreamer and milksop, proves his mettle when the 'Forty-five sharply severs men who will die for the old cause from the sentimental Jacobites whose loyalty was limited to toasts. It is not explained why Rupert, whose physique was sound, had so completely failed to win more than contemptuous tolerance from his kin, but the author shows a wisdom rare in writers of fiction in making him come to grief when first he tries to take the field with no skill in arms or horsemanship. The unforeseen siege of Rupert's home is a stirring episode, but the love-interest is not very successful. In the course of his romance Mr. Sutcliffe does several unpardonable things. There is no necessity to write a romance of the 'Forty-five, but a man who chooses to do it ought to learn the real story and not distort it. A novelist is, of course, entitled to certain liberties: no sane critic could quarrel with him for making his imaginary Lancashire hero the comrade of Prince Charlie in the Highland wanderings. And he may perhaps claim a patriotic licence to describe Lancashire Jacobitism in 1745 as a much more enthusiastic movement than it was in reality. But he has no business to represent the inaction of the MacDonalds at Culloden as due to the mutinous spirit of their chiefs. "The MacDonald", whoever he may have been, interposes to prevent his men from responding to the Prince's appeal! This is rank nonsense, and men whose kin fought at Culloden will think it something worse. Again, Mr. Sutcliffe is so ignorant of his period as to become hopelessly muddled about Flora MacDonald, who was not, as he supposes, the step-daughter of Kingsburgh. Worse, in a way, than these blunders is the persistent vilification of Lord George Murray, whom, for some inscrutable reason, Mr. Sutcliffe calls "Lord Murray" and depicts as a traitor to the cause for which he lost his all. Here, for once, the novelist has some support in contemporary slanders, but he ought to know that they have long since been refuted.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Health and Empire." By Francis Fremantle. London: Ouseley. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Fremantle, who is a County Medical Officer of Health, was enabled, as he says, five or six years ago to leave his post for a tour of eighteen months to study disease problems throughout the East. He served for some time as a plague officer in India, and then went through China, Japan, and on to Manchuria at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. He took San Francisco and the States and several European countries on his way home; and throughout his tour his object was the study of the diseases of Eastern and tropical countries, the investigation of these diseases, and the methods of prevention which are or ought to be adopted by science and the Governments in co-operation. It is not, however, a book addressed to medical men or sanitarians merely, but to the general public, and it is only the point of view which prevents us from describing it as simply a very interesting record of visits to India, China, Japan, Hong-Kong, French Cochin China, and the Malay States. With the exception of India, these are not the principal regions where our own problems of public health are best illustrated, but Mr. Fremantle's travels show the general reader how widespread they are and how important to every nation. The account of the hygiene of the Japanese Army, and how Japan husbanded her strength by health precautions, is a further lesson. Mr. Fremantle's personal experiences are fresh and instructive, and we recommend

the reading of them. But as, apart from India, his travels did not include much of the British Empire, general criticism on the shortcomings of our public health system takes the place of more personal experiences. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are landmarks on "Health and Empire", and Mr. Fremantle is an enthusiastic admirer of the "Statesman pioneer of the Empire."

"Across South America." By Hiram Bingham. London: Constable. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bingham crossed the continent by "the most historic highway in South America, the old trade route between Lima, Potosi, and Buenos Aires". His book is concerned with Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chili, and Peru. He made the chief object of his journey the collection and verification of information regarding "the South American peoples, their history, politics, economics, and physical environment". Travelling in South America is not easy outside certain well-defined lines. "It is more difficult for a merchant in one of the great coast cities of Central Brazil to keep in touch with the Amazon than it is for a Chicago merchant to keep in touch with Australia." The book has just enough of history about it, coloured by the romance of the Incas and the Spanish Viceroy, to make it pictorially informative as well as descriptive of present-day conditions. Greatly as the historical and geographical background in South America varies from that in the North, the South Americans, says Mr. Bingham, have many social and superficial characteristics such as European travellers—Dickens to wit—found in the United States fifty years ago. International rivalry in South America seems to be going strongly in favour of the Germans. "The well-educated young German who is being sent out to capture South America commercially is a power to be reckoned with. He is going to damage England more truly than Dreadnoughts or airships." Mr. Bingham is an American, with certain American prejudices, but his book is one which Britons may read with advantage.

"The Making of a Great Canadian Railway." By F. A. Talbot. London: Seeley, Service. 1911. 16s. net.

Mr. Talbot has, in the inception and construction of the Grand Trunk of Canada, which will link up Winnipeg with Prince Rupert, the new Pacific port, a fine subject, and we think he has made the most of it. It required much courage, political, financial, and scientific, to embark on this project at all, and the manner in which it has been carried through in the teeth of great natural obstacles makes a romance of engineering enterprise. Mr. Talbot traces the whole story in detail from the time the idea occurred to Mr. Hays, and whether he is describing the first surveys of the wilderness, the blasting of a rock beside the Skeena, the transport arrangements, or the efforts of the track-layers to circumvent without disturbing a beaver colony, he is equally entertaining. The Grand Trunk means much to the future of Canadian development, agricultural and commercial. It will be a formidable competitor for business with the Canadian Pacific, but Canada has room for both.

"The Suffragette." By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. London: Gay and Hancock. 1911. 6s.


This is a very one-sided account of the woman suffrage movement through its period of militancy—a chronicle of heroines and martyrs, of lying ministers and brutal policemen. We hear of Mr. Keir Hardie's "characteristic graciousness of manner"; but of a public man who dared to speak against woman suffrage in the House of Commons we read that "he stood there undersized and poorly made, flaunting his masculine superiority". Of the suffragettes themselves the pictures are always nicely drawn. We read of one whose "soft bright hair falls loosely from her vivid sensitive face". A Cabinet Minister is described as "a plain little man with a pale face, a long untidy moustache and hair which, though he wears it somewhat long, as it is in the pictures, has not the least suspicion of a curl, but lies limp and scanty and is a dull dingy brown". The suffragette who climbed the roof at Southport "might have been one of those dainty little child angels the old Italian painters loved to show peeping down from the tops of high clouds". Here is a new method of controversy which would undoubtedly add to the excitement of public life were it to become general. The book as an epitome of the militant movement has a detailed account of all the more notorious incidents of the campaign, including some highly coloured stories of the hunger-strike. Its publication will do the suffragettes vastly more harm than good. We cannot therefore regret it.

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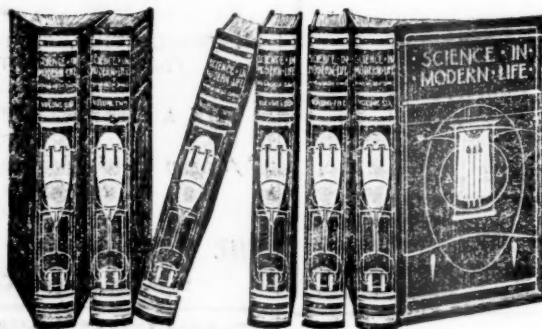
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BERGEN: F. Beyer, 2 Strandgaden. CHRISTIANIA: B. Narvessen, 2 Stortingsgaden.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the British Electric Traction Company (Limited) was held on Tuesday to consider a resolution with reference to a scheme for the reorganisation of the company's capital. Mr. Emile Garcke (chairman of the company) presided.

Mr. Chas. H. Dade (the secretary), having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said, whatever the views of the shareholders as to the merits or otherwise of the scheme, he felt it would be admitted it was put fairly before them, and was an earnest endeavour to minimise their difficulties in deciding the question. The directors felt something ought to be done to adjust the altered relations between the two classes of shareholders which had been produced by the unfortunate circumstance that their profits were insufficient to pay the full preference dividend. They were of opinion that the scheme which had been formulated was the right solution, and strongly advised the shareholders to accept it. In the memorandum which he had issued he explained the present position in regard to the profits, and also the reason why these were small in relation to the paid-up capital; but while they spoke of the smallness of their profits it was only right they should clearly understand that they were small only in relation to the paid-up capital, and the point he wished to emphasise was that in this respect they were no worse off, but, on the contrary, they stood a little better, than the average electrical undertakings in this country of the same class. He explained that their organisation consisted of 57 companies, with an aggregate capital of over £12,000,000. Last year the associated companies collectively showed an increase in net profits of over £100,000, and he hoped they would do still better this year. The question of what proportion of the annual profits should be set aside for reserves could be better discussed after this scheme had been adopted, and not, as had been suggested, that the question of depreciation could be better dealt with after the scheme had been carried. As to depreciation, the board had stated repeatedly that to arrive at any truly approximate figure was the real difficulty of the situation as presented by the balance-sheet. It was suggested that they had the market value to go upon, but the market values of their shares and debentures had varied between a million sterling during the year. The board had been definitely advised by leading counsel, and the law on the subject was clear, that a loss on capital account was not necessarily a loss which had to be made good out of revenue. There was no loss on the revenue account of this company, and there was no legal or practical reason why all division of profits should be stopped because the assets had depreciated in value. With regard to the amendment proposing the appointment of a committee, he said that from a purely personal, or selfish, point of view, the directors would welcome a committee of inquiry. But their first consideration must be the interests of the shareholders. From that point of view they felt bound to advise the shareholders that the appointment of a committee of inquiry would do the company a great deal of harm, because of the time it would take up, because of the dislocation it would cause to the business, and because of the injury it would do to the credit of the company. The proxies which had been lodged indicated that the directors enjoyed the full confidence of the shareholders, and he understood that in view of the large support which the directors had received the amendment for the appointment of a committee would not be moved. That being so, the directors were willing, after the first resolution had been carried, to agree to an adjournment of the proceedings for a fortnight, so as to allow time for discussing the situation with the representatives of dissentient shareholders. He moved a resolution approving the scheme for the subdivision and rearrangement of the capital subject to such modification, if any, as might be made and approved at the requisite extraordinary meetings of shareholders, and the adjournment of the meeting to November 3.

Sir Chas. Rivers Wilson seconded the resolution.

Mr. Lea Smith said it seemed to him they were carrying people at too low a rate.

Sir Robert Hampson, as representing the interests of the Anglo-American Debenture Corporation, which has a substantial holding in the ordinary shares, and as a constituent member of the committee who have been in communication with the ordinary shareholders and have received a substantial number of proxies, welcomed the offer of the board to discuss matters with them.

Mr. J. B. Braithwaite, as both a preference and ordinary shareholder, believed that if they got the scheme through the company would rapidly regain its old prestige.

Mr. Fells thought that the scheme did the barest justice to the preference shareholders and erred in favour of the ordinary shares.

The Chairman having replied, the resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority.

The meetings of the separate classes of shareholders were adjourned till the 3rd prox.

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